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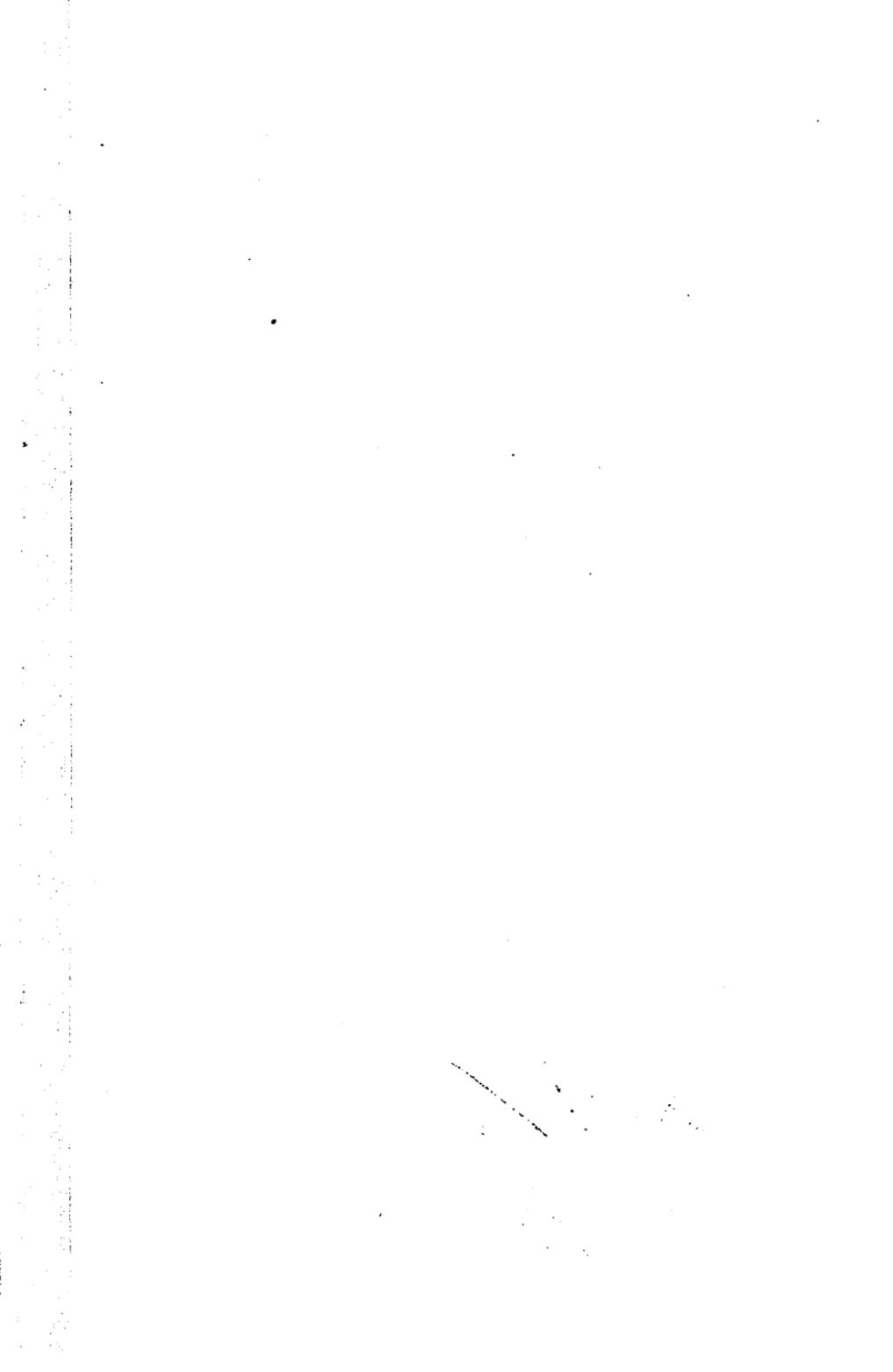
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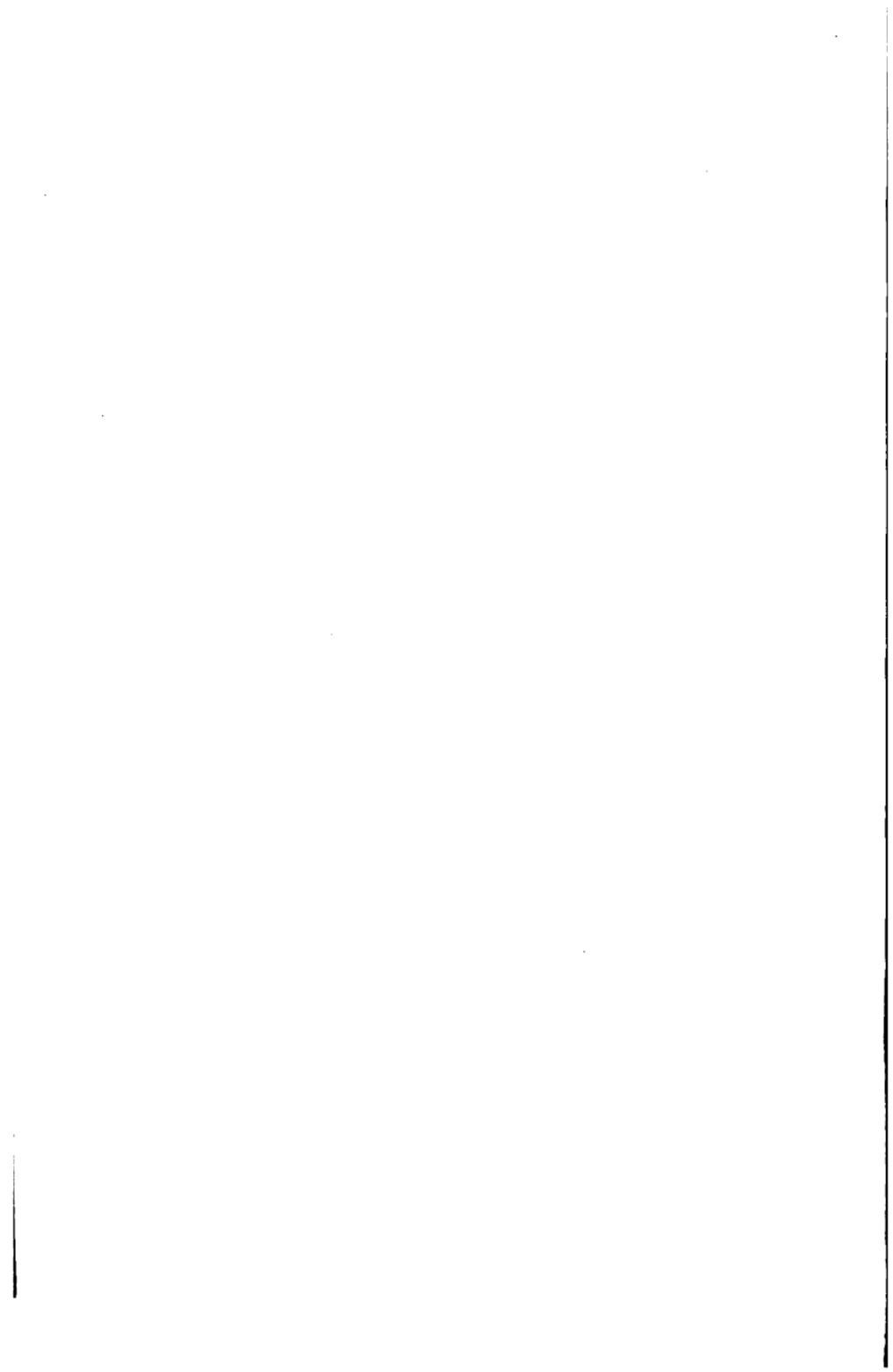
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# JOSH HAYSEED

IN

# NEW YORK

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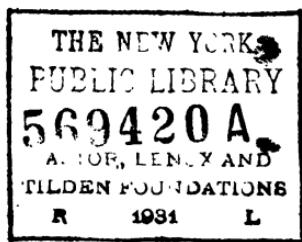
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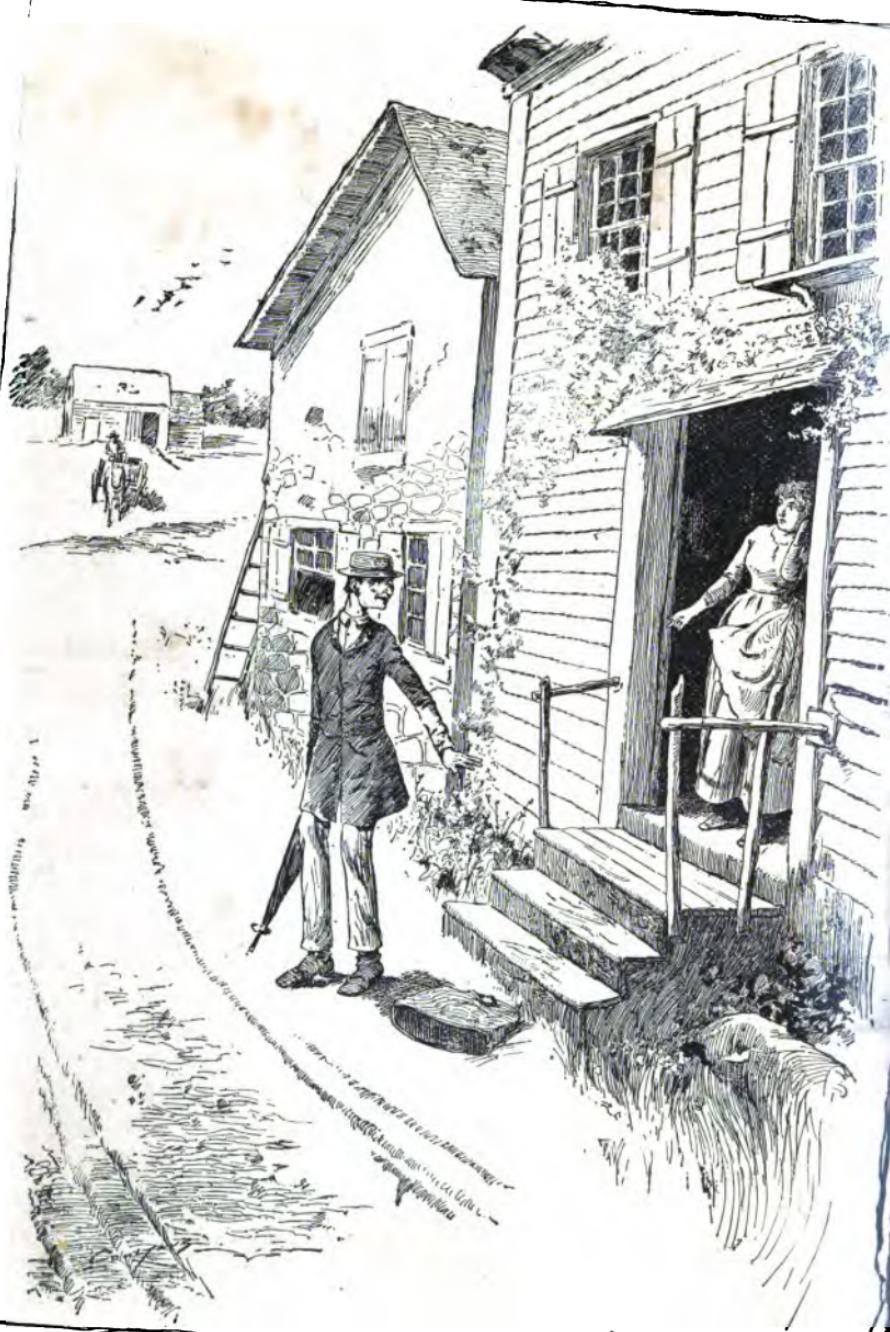
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## P R E F A C E .

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AFTER I'd writ and writ and writ 'bout my trip to York from fust to last, Sprouts told me that I should have to interdooce myself all to once to the folks that ware goin' to read 'bout my doin's. What he wanted I should do was to 'pear to sorter run it down, so people would think I was dreadful bashful, and didn't dare to say my soul's my own. I thought that was pooty good, and I concluded that if any one was caught makin' sech a darned fool of himself as that, after he'd gone and done the hull thing, his name would be suthin' else besides

JOSH HAYSEED.



GOOD BYE TO JERUSAH.

## JOSH HAYSEED'S TRIP TO NEW YORK.

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### UNCLE JOSH TAKES JERUSHA'S ADVICE.

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HERE ain't a soul in Musquash county, nor for fifty mile round, that don't know me and think pooty well of me too, I surmise. But that ain't for me to say. Moreover, there's a whisperin' that keeps sayin', "do your chores fust," and I ain't goin' agin sperit voices.

To begin with then, every warm spell a lot of Yorkers come up our way, and bring a pile of stuff that I don't see no use in anyhow. It alluz puzzled me to find out what airthly good could come from their mikerscopes, and telemscopes, and fishpole-scopes, and Lord knows what kind of scopes. It got so that I couldn't stand it much longer, and I says to myself :

"Enos, it's time you went down and see for yourself what sort of a place York is. You don't want no scopes with you nuther. Jest take your nakid eye along, and I'll bate a button you'll see all there is wuth seein'."

With Enos Tooksbury 'tain't no sooner said then done, so I put a good supply of gingerbread and whatnot into a precious valise we've had in the family for nigh onto a hundred year, and vamoose I did.

But afore I come away my cousin Jerusha says :

"Enos—Enos Tooksbury, be you really goin' to that awful wickid Sodom and Gomorrah, or be you foolin'?"

"Sartin, Jerusha," says I, "I ain't foolin', I've ben hankerin' to see where them bug hunters and rock smashers git their tomfool idees from, and I'm goin' to York if it takes a leg."

My cousin Jerusha's a mighty pert critter, alluz readin' ominix and love po'tery, but it don't seem to do her no perticular hurt.

She wept somewhat when I said this, and I knowed suthin' unusual was comin'.

"Enos," she says, "if you've made up your mind to go to York, I know there ain't nothin' kin stop you short of a airthquake or a 'tack of yaller janders to spile your good looks. You're takin' your life in your hand and defyin' Providence, and I've only got one final request to make."

"Out with it," says I, kinder affected, "and I'll do it onless the airth caves in."

"It's this," says she, solum like; "its your boundin dooty to keep a gernul."

"Lord, Jerusha," says I, "ain't I got cattle enough now, more'n I kin winter over, without keepin' a gernul?"

"Cattle," says she, sorter riled, "who said anything 'bout cattle? I didn't, for one. I said a gernul—a hist'ry of your travels, and what you seen and hearn and done down there."

When this come out I was jest about willin' to give up the hull thing then and there, but I'd made up my mind to go, and so I says:

"I'm afeared I don't know harf enough 'bout spellin'."

"As to that," says she, "your nevvy Sprouts kin do most of the spellin' for you."

Then she put on a look like a real theater lady, and says:

"Who knows, Enos Tooksbury, but what we've been nussin' a great historian among us?"

"Don't softsodder me," I says, "I'll keep the gernul the best I kin without that; but it's got to be a truthful one, good and bad alike."

"Don't put no swearin' in it," says she.

"Not if I kin help it," says I.

And then the hired man druv round, and old Suze, that gives more solid butter to the quart then any Jersey in the county, stuck her head over the stun wall, and 'peared to groan out like a human:

"Farwell, farwell, Enos, you'll find some mighty rocky pasturin' afore you git back."

It gave me a feelin' like I'd eat too many cowcumbers that had to set there to pester me clean down to the steam kyars.

HE IS PRESENTED WITH A NUMBER OF THINGS, INCLUDING A NEW NAME.

**W**HEN I got fairly ready to start for the town of York, the steam kyars ware waitin' for me, and the injin was chock full of impatience and hot water. I knowed it was hot, becuz he had a squirtgun and let fly right agin my valise while I was inspectin' him and wonderin' what sort of innards he had. I must have jumped a rod, for it smarted like the doose where it didn't hit the valise. I was beginnin' to git mad, when a gallus lookin' chap they called the corndoctor pinted at some folks gittin' on the kyar, and says :

"There's the smoker, you."

"That's a lie," says I, "for General Grant's dead."

He looked sorter puzzled at fust, then he larfed and says :

"That's so, that's so ; the great smoker is dead."

With that he pulls out a plaguey pooty watch that I'd darn near swap my valise for if it hadn't ben in the family so long, and hollers out :

"All aboard."

Not knowin' what that signified, I follered harf a dozen slick lookin' fellers with seegars in their mouths and brindle valises that looked as fat as a prize punkin. Suthin' bust in the injin, that I thought must be the squirtgun, and off we scooted faster'n ever I rid afore, 'cept when I was a boy and tried to keep holt of the tail of a yaller heffer that was cuttin' 'cross lots. If you never see a little lean yaller heffer go with a boy hangin' onto her t'other end, let me tell you there ain't much outside of a henhawk scoopin' on a barnyard to beat it.

Buryin' these reflections, I got mighty interested in the young fellers with the seegars. They told the darndest funniest stories I ever hearn. Two of 'em done most of the talkin', and as fur as I could larn from what the other ones called em, one's name was Chestnut and t'other Rats.

"Darn queer names," thinks I ; "guess I'll investigate." So up I goes and says :

"If it ain't imperlite, now that I've found out your name, kin I inquire what might be your bussness, Mr. Chestnut?"

There warn't nothin' funny 'bout that as I could see, but if it's to my dyin' day I'll never forgit how them fellers hollered. It bust out so sudden that one of 'em spit his seegar clean across the kyar, and t'other story teller nigh had a fit of highstrikes.

It was right on the end of my tongue to say, "What's the matter, Mister Rats?" but I happened to think in time that it might kill some one if I did. After a while they simmered down and says :

"Set down, set down, and have a seegar yourself."

So down I sot, and I knowed enough to say nuthin' for a spell. I smoked that seegar in a dignified silence, and I must say that I never expect to find the equil of it agin. It took holt of my internal organs better'n a plate of county fair ice cream, and made me feel tip-top. I couldn't keep in much longer, so I out with :

"If it ain't a side-splitter, I'd like to ask where kin you git them seegars, and what do they cost?"

"Oh, that's a brand only stock brokers and drummers smoke," says one of 'em. "It's called 'The Best You've Got,' becuz the firm settles."

"I s'pose you mean sweet firm," says I. "I used to smoke sweet firm when I was a boy, but they warn't knee-high to this kind."

"Have another," says he, very perlite.

"Thankee," says I, "don't care if I do, if you won't think I was fishin' for it."

That seegar tasted queer like, but I didn't want to tell 'em of it, so I kept pullin' away without sayin' much. Then all of a sudden it seemed to me that suthin' or other was tryin' to crawl out of the end of it. I was afeared my bile was goin' agin me for smokin' two seegars to once, and that I was gittin' sorter jandery, but I was determined not to give in, specially as I thought I'd ben feeling pooty well.

Them fellers I knowed ware watchin' me mighty clus, but I'm hanged if I could keep my eyes off the end of that seegar. It come out faster and faster, and I felt the sweat begin to settle. I knowed then for sure that my bile was turnin', and my eyes must

have got big as sarsers. I'll be swarn I never see anything so real in my life as the way that snake crawled out of the fiery end of that seegar.

"Look out for yourself," I hollers, "I'm a sick man." And out the winder she went, seegar, breakfast, and it seemed to me a piece of my gizzard too.

Then I thought they would die sure.

That kinder brought me round, and I remarked a little cool :



UNCLE JOSH ON THE CARS.

"Pooty good joke, ain't it. My stummick gits turned upside down plaguey quick on the steam kyars."

Nevertheless I sorter suspicioned there must have ben some sort of trick about that seegar, but you ketch me lettin' on that I've ben fooled, and you've caught a weasel asleep.

"Have another seegar," says one of 'em.

"No, thankee," I replied, "I've had enough for the present."

"Then put it in your pocket for some other time," says he.

It makes me appear like a nat'r'l born fool to tell this, but I've got to do it for the sake of the truth. I ain't blamin' them young fellers ; they warn't bad to heart ; but if there warn't suthin' in the end of *that* seegar that stung worse 'n a serpent, I'll give up.

I couldn't a took that seegar if it had ben made out of gold from the streets of the shinin' city. 'Twarn't no sorter use, nuther, to try



HIS NEW NAME.

to disguise my feelin's, and so I let out a yell that scared some of the other folks. I'd have give a year's growth if I could have taken that seegar without blinkin', but it was more 'n ought to be expected of human natur.

My actions on this occasion only proves to me that I'm mortal, and that you meet some curus customers when travelin' on the steam kyars.

However, I got to York all right, and put up with that nevvy of mine I call Sprouts, becuz that's the name of young cabbages afore the head gits solid,

Sprouts is a kind of newspaper chap, and is alluz inquirin' into things that don't consarn him. And when he says, "I'll take care of your valise," he had to turn it around, of course, and look on t'other side. I might have expected as much and looked myself, but I didn't, and then for the fust time I diskivered that some one on the steam kyars had got a piece of white chork, and writ right out in plain letters these ominous words :

JOSH HAYSEED  
SQUASHVILLE.

When I recovered from my surprisement, I exclaimed :

"Wal, that's the most fortunit thing that's occurred to me sense I started out."

"How's that?" says Sprouts.

"Why, don't you see," says I, " there's no tellin' what might happen while I'm in this village, and though I ain't one of the kind to sail under false colors, that's a fust class name, and I'm goin' to stick to it till I've turned this town of York upside down and lit out for hum."

## UNCLE JOSH FINDS OUT HOW THE WORKERS GIT ROUND.

**M**Y idee was to go to the selectmen and let 'em know I had come in, but I concluded to look round a leetle aforehand. In less 'n forty rods, I reckon, I spied one of them hoss kyars I'd hearn on come tearin' down the road like all persessed. It 'peared to me there must be suthin' wrong, but I kept still for a moment to make sure, when I see a fat nigger woman makin' for the road with a big barskit. She throwed the barskit down and waved her hands, and tried to stop the hosses that way. Now that ain't nothin' wuss for a runaway hoss than to try to scare him into stoppin', and as I expected the nigger woman only made 'em go faster.

Then I see quicker 'n a wink that the hosses couldn't help it anyhow. They had to run away, wily nily, as the lawyers say, for there warn't no pole for 'em to hold back on. So out I rushes, and hollers to the top of my voice :

"Turn 'em up the fust hill—turn 'em up the fust hill, or you're a gorner."

Jest then 'bout the pootiest lot of starched up caliker and ribbon I ever sot my eyes on come out from somewhere, and stuck the end of a parisall that looked like a June butterfly up by her eye, and if them hosses didn't stop stun still in less 'n the length of a squash vine, I give up right here.

"Them must be mighty knowin' hosses," thinks I, "if a nigger woman with a big barskit to help her can't make no impression on 'em, but a pooty gal with a parisall kin make 'em back agin the kyar and stop it dead in less 'n ten foot, and I'm blessed if I kin understand it."

Then the driver let go some kind of crank, and off they started on the full gallop, with the nigger woman puffin', and blowin', and hollerin' for 'em to wait.

"Wal," I says to myself, "that beats all so fur as my experience

**goes.**" Then I hove a gentile si, and come to another road with a bridge in it 'bout as high as the houses.

I never hearn that they had spring freshets in York, and it mystified me a good deal to find out what airthly good the bridge could be. But while I was tryin' to figger it out I heared a fearful ratter-clatter, and afore I had time to git out of the way a hull train of steam kyars went over my head like a streak.

I concluded to walk over to the end of that remarkable bridge and back again. So out I started, and I should jedge I must have



HOW TO STOP A HORSE-CAR.

walked nigh onto ten mile without findin' a end, but seein' plenty of toll houses in the air, lookin' for all the world like the martin house on the liberty pole in front of the tavern to hum.

I gave it up as a bad job at last, and concluded to start my boots back agin if I wanted to see Sprouts afore nightfall, when I see a sight that made my blood feel like bonny-clapper. I was standin' on the cross roads tryin' to make out where the singin' noise come from, and didn't notice it at fust. But when I looked down the road, I see a hoss kyar slidin' along mighty swift and quiet, without hosses to it nor ingin nuther.

I might have ben run over jest as well as not.

As luck would have it, however, they had a clock in the kyar that happened to strike jest in the nick of time to save my life.

That was a leetle too much for my nervous sistern, and I sot right down on the side of the road and hove another si. There never was anything that shook my faith in Parson Zeke Tarbox's teachin'



ONE OF THE FINEST.

equil to them gost hoss kyars. I was fully prepared to see flyin' kyars without wings and sailin' kyars without sails, but I didn't.

After I'd sot out my surprisement, I spied what I took to be the May'r with his best soot on, and I says to him :

"Be you the May'r of this village?"

"No," says he, eyin' me sharp, "I'm a bigger man then the May'r. I'm one of the finest."

"P'raps you're like the cherubims and seraphims then," says I, kinder sarcastic, "and you won't mind tellin' a weary traveler how them kyars go without hosses or a ingin."

"Look in the little gutter in the middle of the road, and you'll find out," says he.

"That won't go down," says I, "my name's Josh Hayseed, cousin to Jerusha what writ the pome for the *Musquash Friendly Visitor*, and you can't find nothin' green in my eye."

He saw I was good for him, so he larfed and said :

"Wal, I'll tell you, Uncle Josh, them's run by sperits."

"That's more like it," says I, and back I starts lookin' for somebody to give me a lift toward hum.

They were all mighty disobligin', and I had to foot the seven or eight mile agin, and hire a feller to find the house for me with the help of a card Sprouts had writ suthin' on, and made me take along.

'Twan't necessary to let on 'bout the hoss kyar incident, but I had to tell him 'bout the sperit kyars, and I felt sorter 'shamed when I reflected how I'd misjudged the good intentions of the perlice constable. But I determined that I'd make up for it when I see him agin, and so I will, or my name's not Josh Hayseed. You won't find me helpin' them bug huntin' Yorkers, though, nary a rod, the next time they ask me for a ride to hum.

## THE BIG BRIDGE AND HOW IT AFFECTED HIM.

’**B**OUT the last thing Jerusha said when I come away was to warn me agin too much modesty—not in wimmin, as you might s’pose, but in myself as a historian of a trip to York.

“If you should see anything,” she says, “that’s reely astonishin’, don’t you hold in, but come right out and tell it the same as if you ware writin’ Pilgrim’s Progress. Who knows but what you might be another Bunyon on the foot of Hist’ry’s truthful muze?”

So I says to my nevvy Sprouts :

“Show us the biggest thing you’ve got in the hull village of York.”

“All right,” says he, “I guess the Brooklyn Bridge ’ll do.”

“P’raps it will,” I says, a leetle doubtful in my mind ; “but we’ve got some pooty good sized bridges up our way, specially the one over the county line at the Musquash crick, though ‘tain’t so darnation long as them you’ve got with the steam kyars on ‘em.”

’Bout an hour afterwards me and Sprouts got landed somehow or other on a big platform with near a million people runnin’ and pushin’ and disappearin’ here and there like arnts in a sand heap. Lookin’ over the platform I see ten times as many more dodgin’ and hollerin’ and gittin’ run over by what I took to be five or six circus caravans all fightin’ for the grounds.

“What do you think of that ?” says Sprouts.

“Tain’t a York temperance meetin’, is it ?” says I.

“Oh, no,” says he, “that’s the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge.”

“But where’s the bridge ?” says I.

“There,” says he, pintin’ with his finger.

I’m blessed if I could see anything that looked to me like a bridge, but I follered him meek as a lam. He went up’to a four-by-six box, and gave some money to what I took to be a man at fust, but as I never see him speak or move anything ’cept his hands, I concluded it must be one of them merchines I hearn on that works on wires.

I was about used up tryin' to find out what was goin' on, and when Sprouts says, "Git in," I got in without askin' questions, and off we slid. It went so easy that I closed my eyes to try to git my senses back.

"Git out," says Sprouts, and out I got. Then we got in again, and away we slid soft as an egg down a hay mow.

"Git out," says Sprouts.

"I'll be darn'd if I will," says I, "unless you'll tell me where in thunder we air."

"Why," says he, "we've ben across the bridge and back agin."

There warn't no denyin' that we ware where we started from, becuz there was that wire figger workin' away precisely the same as when we started off. But as I hadn't seen a bridge anywheres, Sprouts agreed to walk me over and ride me back.

We walked for some time without comin' to what sooted my ideer of a bridge, but afore we got to the middle I must say I'd clean forgot the Musquash crick bridge and all the other big things I ever see. It looked to me fully a mile down to the water, and when Sprouts showed me the place where harf a dozen Irish fellers dive off, I believed him, though of course I wouldn't have swallered that lie anywhere else.

•Why, we ware clean up above the ships that scooted under without comin' anywhere near us, and the little flat boats scud 'round way down there like apple smellers and water spiders on a still-water pond. The hull town looked, as near as I kin git it, like a mighty big smokin' stump clearin', and you could see further 'n the eye could reach. I used to think Corncob Corners a passably big place, but when I looked down on the village of York, I felt like coverin' my face with mortifaction.

"Now, Uncle Josh," says Sprouts, "I'll show you the most wonderful thing 'bout the big bridge. You keep your eye on that pint there, and when the kyars come along you'll see how the injineers have reckoned on big weights and on hot and cold weather."

I kept my eye on the pint, to prove that Sprouts was lyin', but I hope I may never see a chipmunk agin, if the kyar didn't make harf of the bridge pull away from t'other harf two or three inches and come together agin, without disturbin' the big clothes lines it was hangin' on.

"That's enough," says I to Sprouts, "jest git me back safe agin, and I won't say nuthin' more 'bout Musquash bridges. I'm satisfied it ain't man's doin's to make a bridge without nothin' to hold her up in the middle."

"But you haven't seen half the sights," says he.

"Never mind," says I, "I've seen all I want of her. All you've got to do is to git me back agin alive. I've ben to table rappin's and chair floppin's, and when I see her creep like that, *I* know she ain't *airthly*.

I ain't the kind to be afeared of any livin' critter that eats, but when you come to a bridge like that you've got to count Uncle Josh out every time, and I ain't ashamed to own up to it, by hemlock !

## UNCLE JOSH VISITS THE CHEAP CLOTHING DEALERS OF BAXTER STREET.

"**S**o you want to see suthin' queer in business life in York, do you?" says nevvy Sprouts to me

"That's what I do," says I ; "suthin' that you don't find nothin' else like it from Musquash to Greenland's icy mountains. Kin you do it?"

"Wouldn't be surprised if I could," says Sprouts, "if the Salvation Army ain't camped in Baxter Street, and I don't believe it has, for we'd a heared of a corner in bloo soots and brass buttons if they had.

"But fust," says he, "let's take a look at Division Street."

"I s'pose," says I, "they call it Division Street becuz that's where you find the hardest sums in 'rithmetic."

"No, Uncle Josh," says he ; "it's becuz when a woman appears at one end, the storekeepers size her up, and make a division of the profits they're bound to git afore she reaches t'other end."

"Don't believe it," says

"All right," says he, "look for yourself."

Sprouts tells some fairly big stories when he gits started, but I must say he warn't so fur from the truth this time as I took him to be, for I never thought there was anything like that there Division Street on this monday spear of ounr.

If my cousin Jerusha'd ben there, I guess she'd a had a connep-tion fit. I never got so sick of wimmin's bunnits in my life. There warn't nothin' else to see there, 'cept wimmin and nussin' babies. I reckon I see enough wimmin's bunnits to supply Musquash county for a hundred year.

Sprouts said most people didn't come there, but of course I knowed better. I didn't stop to price none of 'em for Jerusha, becuz he said he didn't believe I could tell the difference betwixt paper and lace, whatever that's got to do with it.

"Have your own way," says I ; "but if there's any place round

here where a man's got a show, fetch me to it, and I'll prove to you that your Uncle Josh ain't so bad at a bargin as you think."

After he'd jerked me round to his heart's content, and near got me killed six or eight times over, he stopped stun still, and says in a ominous voice :

"Here we be, Uncle Josh. That's the celebrated Baxter Street. Talk about your wildernesses, how's that for a wilderness of nothin' but clothes and boots and shoes."

"Why in thunder don't them folks hire a store to keep all their stuff in?" says I.

"You'll see," says he ; "meet me at t'other end." And off he goes, independent as though he was the May'r himself.

"There's suthin' wrong here," thinks I, "but I suspect I'm good for it," and off I starts too.

It ain't for me to tell all that happened afore I reached the end of that wilderness ; but if there's any damages to pay, I'm willin' to do what's right. All in all, men and wimmin alike, I s'pose I must have licked more 'n fifty. I'm peaceable enough by natur', but when I'm riled I'm wuss 'n a catamount in a clearin', and I cal'late some of Mr. Baxter's hired men think so too.

They begun it fust pop. I walked along innercent as a cosset lam, when, fust thing I knowed, out jumps a hull family, and afore I could make out what had happened, they darn near had harf my clothes off, and a new rig on. I tried to reason with 'em, but you might as well talk to so many wild injins, for all the good it done. Then I got mad, and, grabbin' my coat away from a gal that weighed about three hundred pound, and snatchin' the nigh boot—that never would come off without ilin'—from a boy no bigger 'n a grasshopper, I gave a settler to the men folks and scun out with a coat and a boot that didn't belong to me.

But, Lord ! I'd only just begun, though my blood was up. No sooner'd I lick one family, then another'd grab me and act wuss 'n ever. I never see such currajus people in my life. You couldn't do nuthin' with 'em but lick 'em, and if I hadn't ben powerful strong, I guess I'd a died afore I got through. As it was, I lost everything they put on me that warn't my own, and never felt more used up in my life than when Sprouts pulled me out of the wilderness and we shot off of Mr. Baxter's street. When I got my

breath I felt like goin' back and cleanin' out the hull kerboodle of 'em, but Sprouts said I'd done a fair day's work, and that I'd made friend of the policeman on the corner for life and ought to be satisfied.

So I cooled down after a while, but if ever I meet any more of 'em steam injin talkers with the hump-backed noses I'll know how to act.



UNCLE JOSH IN BAXTER STREET.

"I kinder think," says I, "that when any of that crowd of folks see your Uncle Josh agin they'll know enough to give him a leetle more 'n harf the road."

Sprouts said I'd performed a feat that was worth mention in the history of York. He must have meant what he said, for he never treated me so respectable afore, and I could tell from his admirin' glances that he was in earnest.

## A SENSATION IN CENTRAL PARK, AND NO FOUNDATION FOR IT.

‘Jwan’t homesickness that was troublin’ me, but I was feelin’ bloo enough and had a powerful hankerin’ for suthin’, and couldn’t for the life of me make out what it was. After musin’ over it for a spell, it struck me all in a heap, and I surprised Sprouts by callin’ out :

“I’ve got it at last.”

“Got what?” says he, “you don’t mean to say, Uncle Josh, that you’ve got another attack of your old enemy, the janders.”

“Lord forbid!” says I, “but I’ve got to the root of this ‘tarnal nawin’ at my vittles. What’s the matter with me is I’m a hungerin’ and thirstin’ for a smell of suthin’ besides stun and i’on, which is all I’ve seen sense I’ve ben in the village of York. Give me a look at some trees or pasture land, or even a mash, no matter what they be, and I’ll git over this attack mighty quick.”

My nevvy’s a good enough sort of a feller in some respects, but the way he larfed now kinder teched me. He see I was a leetle hurt, and so set me on the right track for gittin’ the kind of medicine wanted.

I smelled maples and elums a mile off, I guess, and when I got a sight at ‘em, I lit out with a reg’lar wild howl of delight and run like a steer right among ‘em.

“This must be the town farm,” thinks I, “and p’raps they don’t ‘low no trespassin’.”

I was right too, for the minnit I got over the stun wall, and begun to cut ‘cross lots like a boy out of school, the head keeper of the farm, all rigged out in a gray soot, starts in after me, wavin’ his hands and hollerin’ like mad. That jest sooted me to a T, for I felt like havin’ a darn good romp, after bein’ all choked up in that pesky clus village, and round I turns and hollers to the keeper :

“Ketch me if you kin, and I’ll pay for the ginger pop.”

Off I goes, and he after me, but, Lord, he couldn’t begin to keep

up through them woods and clearin's and over the ledges. To make the thing lively I got out on the road, and after a while he hove in sight with p'raps a dozen under keepers whistlein' and hollerin' and actin' like all persessed

There was a hull lot of the town farm wimmin out with children and babies that nobody would own up to, and when they see me come along with the keepers after me and actin' queer, I s'pose, they



DOING CENTRAL PARK.

screeched and scattered like a brood of patridges, and harf of 'em left the babies to shift for themselves.

That was carryin' the joke a leetle too far, so I took to the woods agin, but afore I got fairly out of sight and hearin' of the keepers, I guess I must have scared up more'n a hundred of the spooniest lovers I ever see. I'm kind of soft hearted that way, so I switched off agin, and follered a path over to some more clearin's and took a rest in a clump of underbrush.

That was where they have the 'sylum, and I watched the poor unfortunits with a mighty sad feelin'. They ware mostly young fellers and gals, and plaguey pooty ones too. I guess there ware a thousand of 'em, and it made me reflect on what my cousin Jerusha said of the awful wickidness of York. It made me nigh weep, too, to see what almighty poor games the town had provided for the unfortunits, and the soots they had to wear

What's the sense, for instance, of givin' a clean-gone, love-struck gal a snowshoe to play with, and makin' her think she's havin' fun when she kin knock a rubber ball over a fish net? But the grown up men ware even wuss provided for. One of 'em would throw a big ball over his head, like a woman, at three sticks stuck in the ground, and another one would hit it with a paddle. Then a dozen of 'em would scramble to git it fust. I knowed to once that was the idjut part of the town farm, and it made me si to see what a waste it was of the finest meadlers I ever clapped eyes on.

While I was makin' these reflections the keepers come up and said suthin' to the unfortunits that made 'em git up and git like a thunder shower had come on. I never in my life expect to see such a shapely lot of females as them that scud by me a holdin' on to their skirts that warn't none too long to begin with.

Not feelin' jest right to meet the keepers, after having traveled more 'n a mile at a lively rate, I kept on for another mile or so in the forest on the sunset side of the farm, and see more wonderful things then I believed Natur' capable of producin'. Then I crossed over and started back on t'other side.

Talk about Natur', I'm ready now to say that man's done more for the town farm of York than Natur' ever dreamed of, but there was natur' enough to soot me and to spare. 'Tain't no use to try to tell what I did see, becuz I couldn't do harf jestice to it. I see enough to convince me that there ain't a farm of eight or nine hundred acres in the universe to compar' with the town farm of York.

Afore I got two-thirds of the way back the keepers begin to git thicker 'n flies in huckleberry time, and by the time I got down to where there was a big band of music playin' they near nabbed me. I fooled 'em by makin' believe I had div into one of the ponds I come across, and afore I knowed it I was among more 'n ten thousand people.

**JOSH HAYSEED IN NEW YORK.**



What happened arfter that I'm blessed if I could tell if you should give me the farm.

When I woke up the next mornin' I see Sprouts writhin' round on the floor like he had a fit of colic.

"Kin I help you?" says I.

"No," says he; "jest read that and die."

I couldn't see nothin' remarkable, but for the sake of the truth here's what I read afore I had to tend to Sprouts's colic:

### A WILD MAN IN THE PARK.

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PANIC REIGNS FROM FIFTY-NINTH STREET TO THE  
POLO GROUNDS AND BACK.

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### THE MALL DEMORALIZED.

---

Women Faint on the Tennis Grounds—Cricket Players Climb  
Trees—The Park Police Blameless.

---

HE DIVES INTO THE RESERVOIR AND REAPPEARS UNDER  
THE MARPLE ARCH.

---

### INVADING THE MENAGERIE.

---

Thinks the Hippopotamus an Overgrown Muskrat, and Calls  
Loudly for an Ax to Chop Down the Bears' Tree.

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### LIFE INSURANCE NEEDED FOR MR. CROWLEY.

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He Believes that Intelligent Chimpanzee to be His Runaway  
"Hired Man," and Insists on Taking Him Home.

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THE KEEPERS ATTEMPT TO LASSO THE WILD MAN, WHO  
AGAIN MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS.

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FURTHER PARTICULARS IN OUR EXTRA EDITION

"Is that about the Town Farm?" says I to Sprouts, kinder suspicionin' suthin'.

"Yes," says he. "Did you see anything of the Wild Man while you was up there?"

"No," says I, innercent as a lam; "but if I had, you kin bet I'd a stopped all that nonsense quicker 'n a wink."

Sprouts's colic got better after a while, but he wouldn't take me anywhere else for twenty-four hours.

THE MARKETS HAVE A DIFFERENT NOTION OF FUN FROM  
UNCLE JOSH'S IDEE.

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I USED to think the hay and pertater markit at Corncob Corners hard to beat, but I know better now sense I've seen the place where Gen. Washington had to dicker with his neighbors. Yes, siree, that great man done a bigger thing when he started his markit then he did when he got up his Fourth of July celebrations.

His markit is suthin' that goes way beyond all my cal'lations. It's the biggest thing out, and a hull world without end, amen. What they ain't got somewhere round in that place ain't to be found on this spear, and I'll bate on it. But I'm satisfied I'd never be contented to haul my projuice there.

Fust off, there ain't no comforts, let alone profits. You can't set down on your cart tongue and 'joy your cracker and cheese, with raisons to top off with ; you can't find no one that'd swap horses or jacknives with you. As for fun, I reckon I'd have to hunt more'n a week afore I could scare up a farmer that'd be willin' to play a game of pitch quakes for the spruce beer for two. There ain't no room for that, anyhow, and no hoss shoes to be had except them that weigh 'bout a ton. So I say, with all due respect for Gen. Washington's mem'ry, that I don't care for his al-fired big markit.

There's another reason, too, that I s'pose I've got to tell, though it makes me squirm when I think on it. I thought I'd seen things huddled up in York, but there ain't nothin' like that place I've come across yet. There warn't a spot where you could have squeezed in a sheared sheep among them thousands and thousands and thousands of teams that moved slower 'n a funeral. If it warn't for my nevvy Sprouts, I'd a ben killed more 'n a hundred times. As it was, I couldn't keep up with him, and the fust thing I know'd he disappeared among the teams, and I stood there hopin' for a airthquake or suthin' so I could git across.

No quake come, but suthin' else did, and I live to bless the day that sot me agin store clothes and made me stick to sech as would hold.

It grabbed me right behind by the slack of my britches, and, afore I could have said Jim Robinson, it jerked me clean into the air and what I believed to be kingdom come.

I hollered like a stuck pig, but 'twarn't no use, for there I was more 'n forty feet in the air, and about a thousand people yellin' at me and tellin' me what to do. But what in thunder could I do, with nothin' at all to ketch onto 'cept the air? Put yourself in that position, and see what you could do without wings.

I'd a given my yearling heffer and a hundred weight of hay to boot if I could have found suthin' to ketch hold on, but all I could do was to kick and holler. To make matters wuss, one of them perlice constables shook a club at me and yells out:

"Come down off'n that or I'll pull you in!"

"That's jest what I want," says I. "Pull me in, but do it easy, becuz the britches might give way."

He must have pulled, for jest then I floated over, graceful as a Shanghai rooster off'n a barnyard fence, and landed square on top of a big load of cabbage brung to markit. I got the teeth of that bear trap out of the behind of my britches mighty quick, you kin bet, and thanked the Lord matters hadn't turned out more serious.

The first thing Sprouts says to me was this: "Uncle Josh, how'd you come to let them playful fellers hitch that tackle and fall onto you?"

"How'd I know there was any tackle and fall there?" says I.

"Why," says he, "didn't you observe the arm of it swingin' round while you was standin' there?"

My feelin's ware too much hurt to reply, and I didn't speak to him agin till we got away over on t'other side of the village in Mr. Fulton's markit.

That was a darn sight nicer place then where we'd ben, and I got my tongue back agin after a while.

"What air they smashin' all that ice for?" says I.

"To preserve the fish," says Sprouts.

That's the fust time I ever hearin' of makin' preserves out of fish, but I kept in till we come to the mud turkles.

"What in blazes be them good for?" says I.

"To make turkle soup," says the feller they had to head 'em off when they warn't layin' on their backs.

That was one of the Yorker's queer jokes that I appreciated, and I larfed till I nigh split.

"What's them?" says I.

"Frog's kickers," says he.

"What for?" says I.



HIS ADVENTURE IN FULTON MARKET.

"To eat," says he.

"That ain't so good," says I, "as the mud turkle joke, becuz them kickers do look kinder tasty. But I've got you this time. What are them vermin for?"

"Them's crabs," says he. "Didn't you never hear of crabs on toast?"

"Oh, yes," says I. "My cousin Jerusha read me a pome once

about it. But it's lucky you didn't say they et that vermin, becuz if you had I'd a hove up right here."

I wanted to see what they'd say 'bout horn pouts, but I see so many unairthly red and blue and green and yaller fishes, that I forgot all about the pouts.

Shows cost a heap in York, and I come to the conclusion that Mr. Fulton must be a poity rich man to run a place like that and not charge nuthin' to get in. But I didn't see more 'n harf of it afore I felt sorter tired and sot down where the mud turkles air, and I guess they'd want to hire me now to amuse the people if they could find me.

But I wouldn't jine that show for less 'n a thousand dollars a week. I'd ruther git caught in Gen. Washington's bear trap twice over than to parse through what I did in Mr. Fulton's place. It's a curus fact that one of them mud turkles went for the same place the bear trap had caught hold of. But the mud turkle went a sight deeper. He held on like he growded there, and the way I run and yelled fire was a caution. I believe I'd be runnin' yet if one of the show people hadn't hit the turkle with a hammer jest as Sprouts cut his neck off. Of course I mean the turkle's neck.

To make a long story short, I wore a plaster all the rest of the time I stayed in York, and I made up my mind the next time I went to Mr. Fulton's show I'd bring a polecat with me and give a leetle side show of fun accordin' to my idee.

THE LITTLE JEDGE GIVES UNCLE JOSH A CHANCE TO SEE JESTICE  
DISPENSED WITH.

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T'S never ben said of Uncle Josh that he ain't equil to most any occasion, but I must admit that I near got cornered when I tackled York jestice. I was dead sot on seein' the court house, but I had a time to git the right idee into the cocoanut of my nevvy Sprouts.

"If you want to see the courts," says he, "we'll go down to Essex Markit or Jefferson Markit, which is the finest specimen of the Eyetalian style in town."

I felt sorter sour at this, becuz I thought I'd seen enought of markits to last me a spell, and I told him so, too.

"Well, then," says he, "we'll take a look at the only example of 'Gyptian artichoketure in this village. What do you say to the grand old Tombs?"

"Thunderation!" says I. "What do I care for artichoketure and dead houses? what I want is jestice, if there's any sech thing in these parts."

"Guess the Little Jedge 'll soot," says he.

"Guess he will," says I. And he did.

I thought it was a real theatre I was in at the beginnin', but the minnit the Little Jedge poked his nose in, I knowed there warn't any theatre folks could hold their breath like that audience did. He strutted up for all the world like a bantam rooster, slingin' dignity round permiscus, and plenty of it.

I had to larf though, when I got a good look at his bald head peepin' over the counter when he set down, for it struck me how my cousin Jerusha'd clapped a butter stamp on it quicker'n a wink if she'd a got the chance. But that bald head warn't soft in anything but looks, as I soon found out.

"Where's the accused?" I says to Sprouts.

"Them air the prisoners," says he, pintin' to a crowd big enough

for a barn raisin'. "Take your choice, you've got these Eyetalians, doods, niggers, Jews, Rooshans, Chinymen, Dutchmen, arnykists, Yankees, men, wimmin, children, and dogs."

"For the Lord's sake," says I, "does it take all them people to commit one murder in York?"

But it warn't murder, and I'm hanged if I could make out what it was they all did. They come up afore the little Jedge like lambs on slaughterin' day, and almost afore they got there he hollers out, "six months, ten days, 5 dollars, workhouse, foundlin' 'sylum," and what not.

Fast as one got through a sheriff grabbed him, if it was a man, or her, if it wasn't, and shot 'em through the wall somewhere, and got ready for another. It was lightnin' and no mistake, and it made me sweat to watch it.

Then what I took to be a woman come up with a baby, and this is the way it went 'bout as I kin remember:

"Live or dead?"

"Live."

"Male or female?"

"Don't know, Jedge."

"Where 'd you find it?"

"On the roof."

"Same old story. It's too young to climb so high. Take it away, or I'll send you to the Island."

I couldn't figger out what in thunder he was drivin' at all the time, and, after they 'd thrown out four or five more, I couldn't stand it no longer, so I jerked away from Sprouts and went right up to the little Jedge.

"You're discharged," says he.

"That ain't it," says I. "I'm a Jestic of the Peace, and I come in to see how you do it in York. I never see so much what you call jestic dispensed with in all my born days. 'Tain't right. You don't git at the meat of the matter. You don't give them folks any show, and if that ain't the truth I'll sell out and go huntin' for hen's teeth."

I wouldn't have believed that Little Jedge could smile so sweet on a gal even, and the best of it was he told me to pitch right in and defend the next prisoner.

As luck would have it, one of them Chiny fellers was brought up, and I couldn't for the life of me make out whether he was a he or a she. The Little Jedge said the prisoner was charged with havin' a opium j'int, and wanted to know what I had to say about it. That was a poser ; and for about a minnit I guess you could have heared a rollin' pin drop, the silence was so quiet.

But I warn't to be stumped that way, and jest as I see Sprouts



HE DEFENDS THE CHINAMAN BEFORE THE LITTLE JUDGE.

risin' up to come to the rescue, I let out. I surprised myself, and I know darned well I did the Little Jedge too. When I got to the end of the speech, I let my fist come down on his desk in a way that made him look scared, and says :

"Then all I've got to say is, if that there Chiny feller has got a opium j'int, and that's agin the law of this town, send out the wimmin, and the men, too, if necessary, and let's take a look at the j'int right here in court. If he's guilty, all you've got to do is to show us the j'int."

That was puttin' the boot on the other leg, and I almost felt sorry that the Little Jedge couldn't say anything for himself. So I told him I didn't think he was bad to heart ; and that the fust time he come up my way I'd give him as good a chance to speak his mind as he had me.

I'd made a big hit, and I knowed the best way to make it tell was to leave the court house with dignity, so I says, "That'll do for one day, I guess ;" and with that I marched out grand as a turkey cock.

"Do you think they'll remember me ?" I says to Sprouts after we got out.

"If they don't," says he, "'tain't your fault." Which I take it is rather a neat sort of a compliment. But I ain't the kind to boast much about what I've done, 'specially when my nevvy puts in a good word about it.

## HE HELPS THE CAUSE OF THE HEATHEN.



A HEATHEN GAME.

**S**HOW me a man that ain't fond of pooty gals, and I'll show you a jackass. Not that I want to smooth over my short-comin's, becuz what's done's done, and so fur as I know it's all paid for. I'll allow, too, that I had a fust rate time. Apple-bees and huskin's ain't nowhere side of

York's free blowouts for the benefit of the heathen.

I used to be considered ruther cute in findin' red ears at a huskin', but it would take more 'n four bushel of red ears to equil my experience 'mong the gals of York at them heathen blowouts. It cost me a heap to keep things goin', but I won't say a word about that, sense I got more 'n ten times the money's worth of fun.

When we fust started out, me and Sprouts, he says :

“ Let's take a look at the gilded dens of Gotham.”

“ No wild beasts for me,” says I.

“ Never fear,” says he, “ but you'll find 'em tame enough to soot.”

We went to a dozen places or more that sorter knocked me off my pins. All I could do was to stand there like a darned fool and look at the sights. It beat me to tell whether they ware churches, or theaters, or dancin' schools, or all put together. I never see wimmin dressed so fine in my life, with their dimonds and silks and what not. But it warn't the music, nor the wimmin, nor the dancin' that took my eye so much as it was the men folks. Some of 'em with their high dickies and glass-covered boots and cats' mustaches knocked all my idees of men higher 'n a kite. The gals ware

sociable enough, but Sprouts see I wasn't havin' more fun than I could stand, so after a while he says :

"Come on, Uncle Josh, we'll go over on t'other side of the village, and I guess you'll enjoy yourself a leetle better."

He meant well, and it ain't nothin' agin him if I let on as to how he got lost, which was this way. He starts in ahead at the fust place we come to, and I follers meek as could be. But by the time



HAYSEED AMONG THE HEATHENS.

I'd got harf way suthin' riz up like a white squall, and afore I could make out what it was an alfired pooty gal had jest picked my hat off with her foot clean as a whistle. I wouldn't have ben more astonished if I'd been butted by our old ram; but the minnit I see her ketch the hat as it come down and run off gigglin', I knowed that was the York way of playin' chase the weasel. I was alluz good at that, and I caught her afore she'd gone harf a dozen rod.

It was so excitin' that I forgot all about Sprouts, and we went into five or six other blowouts afore I diskivered that he was lost. By this time I'd got sorter used to York ways, but at fust I never felt so shamed as when I see how some of them gals had outgrown their clothes.

"Wal," I says to myself, "if they don't know enough to piece out their dresses, it ain't your fault, Uncle Josh, even if you have got eyes, and what's more you can't be blamed if you use 'em."

"I s'pose," says I to the gal I was with, "they give most of their clothes to the heathen."

"Yes," says she, with a si; "and I have to go 'round collectin' What'll you give for the cause?"

"I wouldn't mind five cents," says I, "if I could git this dollar bill changed."

"I'll git it changed," says she, and out she went with it.

I concluded she must have found it mighty hard to git change, so out I went too, but I couldn't find her, and back I started. Some how or other I mistook the place and got into another blowout.

The gals knowed me to once, and round they come thicker 'n flies. They got most everything I had that was wuth havin', and I ain't sure they wouldn't have took what clothes I had on if it hadn't ben that Sprouts come in 'bout that time and hauled me out.

"What have you ben doin'," says he.

"Contributin' to the heathen," says I.

"That's the funniest kind of heathen," says he, "I ever saw."

"If that won't do," says I, "I've ben contributin' to the shethen."

"That's more like it," says he. "What did you give to the cause?"

"I ain't complainin'," says I. "That's the most sociable part of York I've struck yet."

"I guess you'll do," says he.

"Probably so," says I, though I'm blessed if I could make out what he meant, I'm so innercent 'bout some things.

## HOW UNCLE JOSH PAID HIS \$30,000 TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

IT'S curus how these Yorkers do mix up names. They call their court houses markits and their big buildin's courts, though I'm told there ain't no courts in 'em at all. And as to food they've got names that they have to git a dressed up hired man to pernounce for 'em. Once I see some things that made my mouth water, though I knowed from the looks they ware tuffer'n horse collar. So I stepped up to the big Dutch woman that had 'em, and says:

"What do you tax for your doughnuts?"

"We ain't got some doughnuts to-day," says she.

I didn't want to tell her she lied, so I picked one of 'em up, and says, gentile as could be:

"If them ain't doughnuts there must be a bean in my eyesight."

"If them's doughnuts," says she, "I'll undertake to eat one of 'em myself, if it pulls out the last tooth I've got."

"P'raps they're rocks," says I, sorter riled, "but if they ain't, what in thunder be they but doughnuts."

"Why," says she, screechin', "don't you know doughnuts when you see 'em? Them's *crawlers*."

I dropped that thing quicker'n scat, and the idee took such a sudden holt of me that it nigh made me sick to the stummick. I don't expect to git any more comfort out of real doughnuts on account of the recollection of them crawlers.

But the wust case of names I struck was what the Yorkers call the stock markit, where I was told I could see bulls and bears fightin' like sin, and a terrible slaughterin' of lams. I could understand 'bout the lams, but it puzzled me to guess what people wanted to buy up a hull lot of bulls and bears for, 'specially bears, which air one of the most thievin' and useless animils that ever got into a cornfield.

I was sot agin markits, but I couldn't believe there was anything wuss'n Gen. Washington's or Mister Fulton's place, and I lived

through that, so I got way up on top of the Stock markit, and I had to sorter smile when I thought how I'd got the best of the Yorkers.

I looked down and see a sight that nobody would believe if they didn't know that I stick to the truth rain or shine. I've hearn my granddad tell about Injin war dances and how they hollered and jumped round, but if that place didn't beat all my idees of the wickid hoppin' and yellin' on the gridirons of Tophet I give up.



EXCITEMENT AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Talk about capturin' hornet's nests. I never see hornets so thick nor so lively in my life, and the clutter was wuss 'n if a hundred hen roosts ware bein' robbed. There must have ben shootin' goin' on somewhere, though I couldn't hear it, for I see a big targit way down to the end show up the numbers every time it was hit over their heads.

I was beginnin' to feel a little disapp'ited at not seein' the

animils, when one of the fellers down below, that must have knowed me from some place I'd ben, sorter quieted the others down, and hollers out :

"Hullo, Uncle Josh."

At that everybody stopped stun still, and I felt bound to be perlite enough to answer, so I hollers back :

"Howdy do, howdy do. Where do you keep the animils?"

It don't pay to be perlite all the time in York, and that must have been one of the times, for it made them fellers cut up like fury. There was fully five hundred of 'em all askin' questions to once 'bout the price of garden stuff and 'bout the health of people that I never hearn of afore. Some of 'em got up on other feller's backs, tryin' to get their questions answered fust, but all I could do was to keep bowin' and smilin' without sayin' a word, jest as I'd seen the Guv'nor do near election time.

Finally I made up my mind that I'd go down and tell 'em that I wanted to see the live stock. That's where I had 'bout as well have chopped my own head off. How I got there I ain't prepared to say, 'cept that I had to run over some fellers that got in the way. And as to what I see there I kin truthfully say that it didn't amount to nothin', they kept me so plaguey busy tryin' to git suthin' to rest my feet on 'cept air. Fust off they grabbed me by the slack of my britches, and 'round that big hall I went, willy nilly, faster'n a race horse, with nothin' but my toenails techin'. I don't believe any sperit ever traveled on the airth lighter'n I did.

I heared afterwards that they had a game of leap frog with me, but if they did I'm darn sartin I was the under frog all the time. I heared too that it cost thirty thousand dollars to go on that floor, and as I didn't have nothin' like that much with me, I s'pose they took it out that way. Leastwise, they got their money's wuth, and in my opinion had some to spare.

'Tain't necessary for me to tell how I come to life, and all I've got to say now is, that if you ever see any darn fool mousin' 'round a live stock markit in York, don't you git the idee that it might be Uncle Josh, becuz he'd ruther take his chances with a flock of elephants any day than 'mong them two-legged bulls and bears.

IN SPITE OF UNPARALLELED PRECAUTIONS UNCLE JOSH GITS ROPED IN ON THE BOWERY.

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“**H**OW'D you like to take a trip through the Bowery?” says Sprouts to me one day.

“Dunno,” says I, “bout that, fact is I forgot to bring my sho gun along.”

He squinted at me a minit, and then says :

“Be you jokin', Uncle Josh?”

“Bout what?” says I.

“Bout your shotgun,” says he.

“Not a bit of it,” says I. “You don't expect me to travel through that place unarmed, do you?”

He kin laugh more like a fool sometimes then any one I ever see, and after he got through this time, he says :

“Why not, Uncle Josh? What's the matter with the Bowery?”

“Oh, nothin',” says I, “nothin at all; only if you don't think I ever hearn all 'bout that place you're mightyly mistaken, bein' as I was warned agin it afore I come down. Howsomever if you believe I'm afeared, I'll jest go through it all alone, and without a firearm on my pusson.”

I stuck to what I said, too, 'cept 'bout the firearms, becuz I was teched up a leetle by the way he took on, but I'll admit that when I stood there alone, all ready to bust right in to that 'tarnal nest of swindlers and kidnappers and all sorts of desprit characters, I felt a leetle shaky, to say the least. It was a pow'rful onpromisin outlook to see that big place, wider 'n two or three county turnpikes, and with a lot of them hoss kyars runnin' every which way, and with more overhead steam kyars flyin' up and down then I'd seen in the hull town afore.

'Twan't that, though, that made me feel kinder creepy, but 'twas knowin the character of the place, and seein' fully a thousand swindlers playin' their games right on the side of the road. Some of 'em

made believe sell things, with little tables hangin' round their necks so they could run easy, and I had no doubt a good many of 'em carried their loads a purpose to hide a knife or a pistol from the unsuspectin' traveler's eyes. I heared the bands of music playin' all over and see circus bills and play houses everywhere, but it didn't turn my head, and I stepped to one side to git fairly ready to go right



AMONG THE BOWERY BOYS.

in among 'em, sink or swim, for Uncle Josh ain't the man to be made a fool of by any chipmunk like that nevvy of mine.

I hadn't let him know 'bout it, but truth was I'd bought a belt and a half a dozen old pistols and knives that I got at a bargain, and with them things properly put on so they could see I was prepared for 'em, I felt pooty nigh equil to the occasion, and out I starts.

Jest as I expected, the swindlers begun to git 'round me like

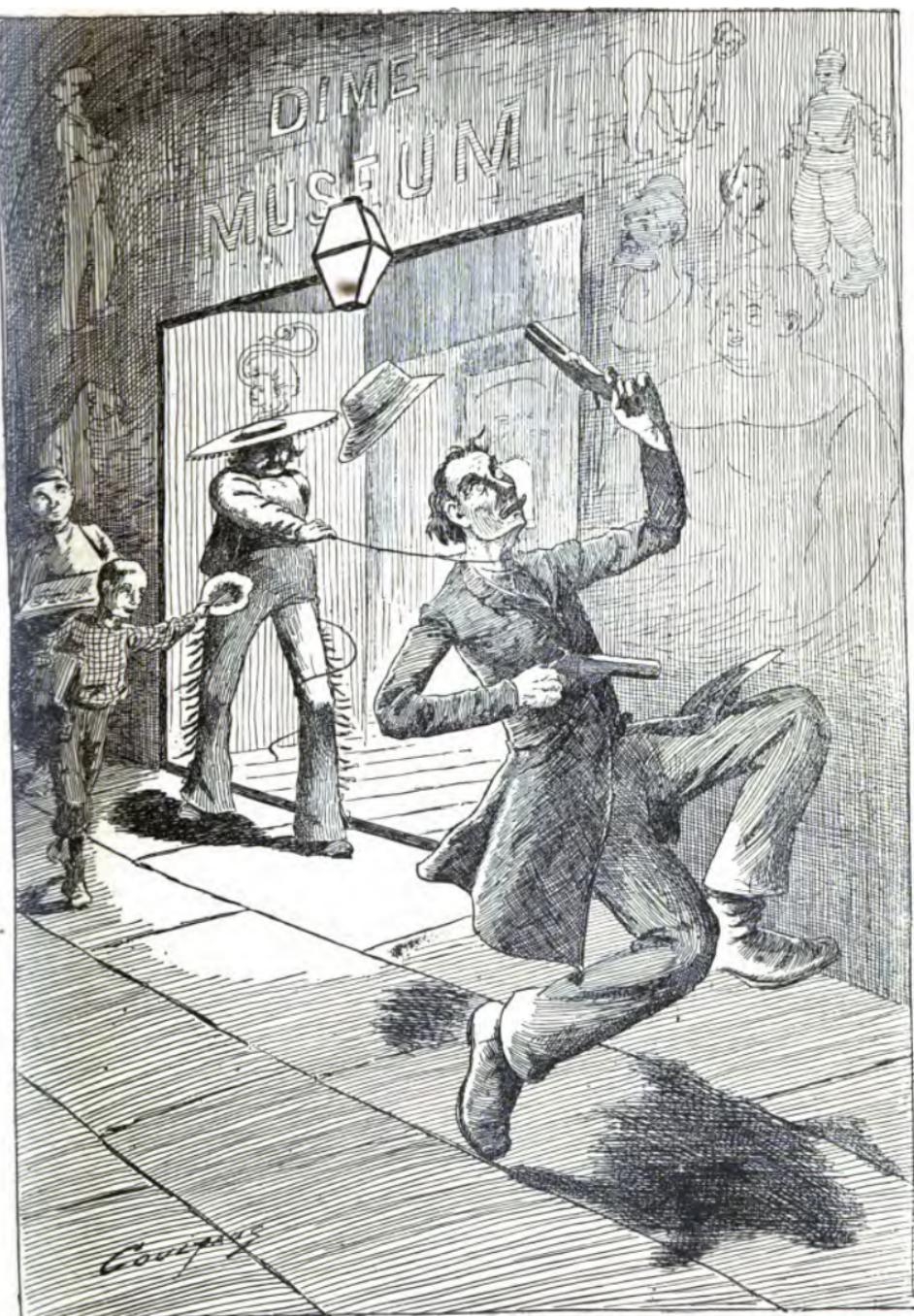
millers 'round a candle, and tried to rope me in with all sorts of stuff till I see suthin' had got to be did. I kept in, though, till one of 'em made me buy five cents worth of shirt buttons without any holes in 'em to sew 'em on with, and that got me so mad that without arguin' the matter any further, I whipped out a couple of pistols, and p'nted 'em square at the crowd. Of course I was only scarin' 'em, but as it was the effect was wuss 'n if I'd sent a charge of scatter shot into a flock of blackbirds.

They couldn't get out of the track half quick enough, and the way them buttons and galluses and chork images went flyin' was a caution to swindlers. They gave me the hull road to myself, and I took it without stoppin' to larn 'em any more lessons. I'll allow I felt as though I owned three-fourths of the village when I started agin, and see the people clear out and give me the road.

But, as the Scriptur' says, "pride goeth over a fall," and it wasn't long afore I larned the truth of that sayin', but it warn't from swindlers nor nothin' that I ever expected to see down there. I ain'tafeared of anything that's sizable, without it's sperits, but I ain't a sick flee on a ton and a harf ox to the pesky little critters that got after me soon as they see them pistols didn't go off. I never see carrion so thick 'round a dead horse, and as to scarin' 'em or ketchin' holt of 'em you might as well have tried to grab a weasel. They got wuss and wuss and thicker and thicker every minit, hollerin' and throwin' things, and makin' grabs at the pistols, till I got nigh crazed, and made up my mind that there warn't nothin' to do but take to my heels.

I had a clear road, and would have got away if I hadn't forgot all 'bout the ones that rope you in. It was right in front of a place all plastered over with circus bills, and I was runnin' for all I was wuth with two or three constables hollerin' after me, when out jumps a feller with a big broad hat and feathers on his legs, swingin' the rope over his head, and the fust thing I knowed he had me right round the windpipe and bang up agin an awful fat woman that come out to see what was goin' on.

To make a long story short, the constables got me away from the feller they call Lasso Jim the Texas Terror, and told the jedge they had caught me carryin' concealed wepons, but when I showed him that the wepons warn't concealed at all, and told him how the



UNCLE JOSH ON THE BOWERY.

swindlers and little critters with boxes on their backs had got after me, he said he'd take the wepons but I could go.

"But," says he, "don't come into the Bowery agin with a belt on, and pistols and knives stickin' out, becuz it ain't safe ; you're likely to get roped in any time for a museum curiosity."

He was right, though I didn't exactly see the p'int then, and you kin bet your boots I'll never go down that way agin unless I'm dressed up like a reg'lar dandy. I'm satisfied its 'bout as interestin' a place as there is in York if you ain't huntin' for sharpers all the time, as I'm told most people do. But if you should go lookin' for 'em, don't forgit that they come right up through the stuns when it's necessary.

HE GOES TO A REAL THEATER AND HAS A VARIETY OF SENSATIONS.

**A** REAL theater show was one of the sights I wanted to see most, and I told nevvy Sprouts to do the best he could for me.

"Niblo's Garden will 'bout fill the bill," says he.

"No it won't," says I. "What I want is a panarammy with good lookin' wimmin in it."

"All right," says he, "come on. I guess you'll be satisfied with their great spectachlar show."

"Don't want to see no spectacled show acters," says I, "and you know it. If you can't show me young and good lookin' female acters, don't say you kin, and I won't be disapp'ited.

"Niblo's Garden will do," was all he said, and off we went, I feelin' doubtful, but not sayin' much, as I knowed you can't tell nothin' from names in York.

We walked through a big tavern that I was told used to belong to Mr. Stewart, who was stole, and out through a lot of secret passages, and then we ware in a hoss shoe sorter place, higher 'n a meetin' house steeple, and no more like what I s'posed a real theater hall was then a campmeetin' tent.

"If you won't larf," says I, "might I enquire where's the garden?"

"Oh," says he, "there's only a little piece of it left. Didn't you see it where the founting was playin'?"

"Wal, yes," I says, "seems to me I did ketch a sight at some water squirtin' out on some stones, if you call that a garden."

Truth was I was beginnin' to feel a leetle disapp'ited, and it got wuss when the play acters begun their nonsense. I tried hard to make out what they ware tryin' to git at, but it warn't no use, as I couldn't make head nor tail of the hull thing, so I spoke right out loud to Sprouts, and it surprised me to see how lonesome my voice sounded.

"What's that noise?" was what I said.

He looked distressful, and says :

"Hush, don't talk so loud ; that's the sand storm in the desert. Pooty soon you'll see the devil's cave and the fairies' grotto and the march of the Amazon, and a lot of other things."

I larfed becuz that was the only funny thing I'd heared so fur.

Jest then suthin' all in white tried to fly away from a lot of other sperits, and the hull place blazed up red and green and yaller.

I was scart way through, and the mi~~ght~~ I got my breath I let out with:

"Fire, fire, fire !"

Sprouts clapped his hand over my mouth quicker 'n a wink and held me down, though most of the other people ware gittin' ready to run, and one woman toppled right over.

He said afterwards that that was a mighty narrer escape from one of the greatest catastropes on record. He had to explain matters all round, and they agreed to let me set it out provided I'd be quiet.

Then Sprouts hurt my feelin's not a little by swearin' like a good one so no one else could hear him but me. It's wonderful how he could cuss without appearin' to say anything 'cept out of one corner of his mouth. It subdood me so that, sence I couldn't make out what was goin' on or ask questions 'bout it, I s'pose I did snore a leetle bit. At any rate Sprouts fetched me a dig in the ribs that brought me up double, and I bellered right out in meetin'. I couldn't help it nuther. It happened that the band left off groanin' and whinin' 'bout that time, and struck up some mighty lively dance tunes, otherwise I'm afeared me and them fellers with the brass buttons they call urshers would have had a time some one wouldn't forgit.

After I got my wind back I see plain enough that all the tom fooling at the beginnin' was nothin' but a sort of gittin' ready for the real thing, and I'll give Sprouts credit for not makin' no mistake 'bout that spectacle show, becuz if I live to be as old as Mathusalem, I don't expect to see nothin' so darned good as it was from that p'int out.

What the wimmin wore didn't amount to more 'n a cloud so fur as I could see, and the way they kicked them shapely legs of thern was wuth goin' a thousand mile to see. It was the blamdest pootiest army I ever sot eyes on, and they ware got up in more

colors all over than a double rainbow in hayin' time. The band played all the time sweeter'n maple sugar, and the folks that had come to see the show begun to wake up jest as I did, and forgot all 'bout smilin' at me and Sprouts.

It got so mighty interestin' that I couldn't stand it where we ware settin', becuz I couldn't see nothin' at all through Sprouts's double barreled show spectacles, 'cept once when I looked through the big end, and then he grabbed 'em away from me quicker'n a flash. So when I spied a seat way down among the band players, I determined it would soot me better, and git it I did, though I had to nock Sprouts's nuckles to make him let go, and lean over and sorter sneak down to it, so they wouldn't see me and make another fuss.

There I sot all through that blessed show, happy as a chickadee, and ketchin' no end of winks right and left from the stage gals. I wouldn't have missed that show for a pile of raisen cakes big as a haystack.

At last we had to go, becuz they ware puttin' the lights out, and when I got outside I realized for the fust time what my cousin Jerusha means when she reads a pome and talks about the cold, cold world, for I felt blooer'n a huckleberry, now it was all over.

To make matters wuss, Sprouts sorter groaned, and says :

"Uncle Josh, I wouldn't go through that experience agin for a farm."

"Jolup's what you need," says I. "Suthin's the matter with your liver, I guess. For my part, I could set there till doomsday, and I'm feelin' bloo becuz it's all over."

It struck me as mighty strange how contrary like things will take holt of a human, when he ain't jist well.

UNCLE JOSH SEES A OPIUM J'INT AND A NUMBER OF DISTINGUISHED  
PEOPLE.

IT'S agin York law to have a opium j'int, but jest why was what kept me thinkin' till I got a chance to see for myself what the thing was. If it was any part of a human I hadn't hearn of afore, I knowed my speech in the court house 'bout producin' the j'int never would have fetched the Little Jedge the way it did, so I determined to see it, and see it I did in all its gorjusness and pride, and I've come to the conclusion that what them Chiny fellers don't know 'bout heaven wouldn't last a Baptist preacher harf way over Jerden, seemingly.

Chinyville is, beyond compare, the most remarkable part of York village, so far as I kin find out. More rich men go down here to have fun than anywhere else, and it didn't take me long to find that out after I got used to the opium j'int. But fust of all I must say it's a mighty hard thing to git there. You've got to sorter meander like through more 'n five hundred of the funniest lookin' cusses you ever see. If I could git a dozen of them fellers up to Musquash I'd rid the hull county of crows and blackbirds in less 'n two weeks.

Why, if I was to put one of 'em in a ten-acre corn field and git him to laugh every fifteen minits it would be wuth a Thanksgivin' dinner to hear them thievin' pests holler and see them git for the State line. I mean to make a Chiny boy when I git hum if I kin find a rootabegger turnup with a long enough root to serve for the pig's tail, but I don't expect to reperduce anythin' like the Chiny grin.

As I was sayin', to git into a opium j'int it's necessary to be pooty cute, and any one that can't talk reason into a cacklin' hen had better keep away. But if you think you could walk through a rattlesnakes' breedin' ground without bein' startled more 'n once a minit, then you needn't be afeared to tackle the secret caves of Chinyville.

All you've got to do is to say farewell to the world and hold onto the coat-tails of somebody else and keep sayin' "Howdy do, John, howdy do, John, howdy do, John," and bimeby you'll see an eye lookin' through a mouse trap. Hold your breath now till you can't see the eye any more, and when the wall begins to open you squeeze in, and if you don't think Beelzebub's got you this time it's becuz you don't know nothin' 'bout religion.

I expected much as could be to smell brimstone, but it was different, and not so bad for them that like it. If you think you could



IMPRESSIONS OF AN OPIUM JOINT.

git to hanker after the smell of a pole-cat, p'raps you'd like a opium j'int from the start.

The fellers and gals in there didn't look so Chiny as the ones that waited on 'em, and they laid off together on the shelves they'd ben put on snug as a bug in a rug. They jest wallered in that 'tarnal smell and some of 'em sied for more.

"Turn her right on strong, and give 'em enough for once," says I to the Chiny feller.

He looked sorter scart at fust, and then he give one of them Chiny grins, and went off into the kitchin to fetch some more

heaven. So I stood there and watched a young one with a face like a scoured milk pan prepare to pucker.

He had a nittin' needle that he dipped into a box of tar, and when he'd got holt of the bean he was after he run it plum into the light of a little candle he had in front of him. Then he took out what looked to me like harf a broomstick with a hole through it, and a ink bottle turned upside down stuck onto it nigh the other end. Into this ink bottle he rammed the bean with the nittin' needle, and when he sucked on the end the sizzlin' and sputterin' and bloo smoke made my eyes stick out with surprisement.

"Try a pipe?" says he.

"Don't care if I do," says I, "if you'll show me the pipe."

"This is the pipe," says he. "Now hold your breath and pull with your stummick, and you'll see heaven after a while."

I tried hard enough, but nary a bit of smoke would come out. Meanwhile there was the same sizzlin' goin' on all round.

"Jest give me one of them leetle paper seegars of yourn," says I, "and I'll let the other folks have the heaven that warn't meant for me. What's that feller talkin' 'bout?"

"Why," says he, "that's the owner of harf a dozen of railroads, and he's thinkin' what kind of a house he could build out of porcelain and diamonds. That other feller's richer yet. He's just made a million dollars, and now he's takin' a leetle sleep. Tomorrer he'd take a door mat if he could git it off the chain. Then there's one they want to git to run for President, and a lot of distinguished ladies and gentlemen. They own more 'n half the airth now, and are schemin' how they can lassoo the moon. You jest larn how to do it, and you'll think the Prince of Whales is to be pitted for not enjoyin' life."

"Never mind," says I, "I ain't over ambitious. But if you could git one of them beans into me so's I could sorter float out where there's a leetle air that ain't wuth havin' I'd be much oblieged."

But he'd got onto the end of that broomstick agin, and I don't believe I could have pulled him away with a derrick. His eyes begun to roll 'round, and the sizzlin' went right on wherever there was a candle. I'd have given a year's growth to get away, but stood it till I thought I'd bust for want of air. Then I knowed suthin' had got to be done, and I thought the best way was to let

right out and take my chances with the rest of the distinguished people.

That privilege was denied to me, however, for jest as it got so I couldn't stand it much longer, somebody hollered "perlice" through the mouse trap in the door, and all the millionaires and their lady friends quit givin' away gold watches and marble palaces and made a rush for the back yard. It surprised me to see how careless them ladies ware about carryin' their clothes.

I skipped with the rest, though, and when I stopped climbin' stairs to git my breath I found I was right on top of a flat roof house, and I guess I'd be there yet if Sprouts, who had took me in to see the distinguished people, hadn't popped up through another hole in the roof, and seen me settin' there the very picture of despair.

When we got hum he says to me, "Wal, Uncle Josh, what do you think of the opium j'ints."

"I aint ben thinkin' much as yet," says I, "but I've concluded that from this p'int on I'll take my hereafter when it comes, and not go lookin' for it in York agin."

## MISS LIBERTY SEVERELY CRITICIZED.

I'M a leetle sot agin the Yorkers for one thing, and that is the way they try to get all the big things in this land of the free right in their front yards. 'Twouldn't surprise me to hear they've got an eye on Niagary fall, and that they intend to git it down there someway and tax the people to see the Lord's own masterwork.

Take that Statute of Liberty, now. Was she give to the Yorkers any more 'n to me and the rest of the people in Musquash? I say no, and yet they made me pay 25 cents to git to that stingy little island they gave her to roost on. Why, if I could have had my way, I'd a swum down there and back afore I'd a ben swindled like that. But I ain't had my way often enough in York, and now I'm goin' to speak out in meetin'.

It's a sharper's game. Even afore I'd teched there one feller tried to sell me a ticket to go up through her to where the bonfire is night-times, and I'd a bought it too if I hadn't heared some gals gigglin'. Then I suspicioned it was a swindle, and sure enough you kin walk up till your legs drop off and not pay a cent, for which we ought to be thankful. I had a tech of the rumatiz harf a dozen times afore I got up to her shoulders, and I had to set down each time and rub my legs right smart.

It ain't hard to imagine my disgust, then, when I walked out on what I thought must be her shoulders only to find that I was more 'n fifty feet below the sole of her shoe even. That was enough to satisfy me that she's the alfiredest big overgrown specimen of a female woman that ever fobled confidin' man.

Now, as I understand it, she's there to let the world know how much the American people think of their sweethearts, and to my mind the Frenchman that got her up don't know nothin' at all 'bout the wimmin of this country.

Who ever see a American gal with only a sheet rapped round her to set off her figger, the way Miss Liberty is? Then another thing,

she's the flat-footedest female I ever come across ; and if there's anything that turns me agin a woman it's for her to be flat-footed. As for the spikes she's got round her head, they don't belong there no way you kin fix it. The American gal kin take care of herself anywhere, and she don't need copper-tipped horns to defend her nuther, becuz you couldn't buss her agin her will any more 'n you kin drive a hen.

My cousin Jerusha told me to be sure and let her know how Miss Liberty done up her hair, but that ain't American either, and I won't say what it's like, lest I should slop over in the attempt.

Takin' her for what she's wuth, I for one am in favor of lettin' the Yorkers have her jest where she is. If necessary we could put up a slick lookin' American gal somewhere else, say one like the President's better harf, and show the world how our gals kin rig themselves out when they've mind to.

I don't want to say anything disrespectful of Miss Liberty, but to my mind she's an emergrant foreigner, and aught to be took off from her perch and planted in the garden along by the Castle where the other people from foreign parts live.

But if I was asked to tell the most outrageous thing about her, I should say it was the gravestone she's got under her arm. What in thunder the sense of that thing is beats me, and I guess I ain't the only simpleton that comes back with the same idee after payin' their respects to Miss Liberty.

UNCLE JOSH HAS A TRYING TIME IN SEEING THE BATTERY AND  
CASTLE GARDEN.

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**G**IVE me my choice atween a real theater and the Castle in the Garden where foreigners live, and I'd take the latter from fust sight. The Garden itself is one of the nicest places in the hull village of York. Some folks call it the Buttery, but what for I don't know. Howsomever, it's got the greenest grass and the shapeliest trees of any twenty-acre lot in the county, I guess.

One harf of it leans agin the Hudson River and lets in the air of heaven without charge, but I'm told that's the only thing kin land there free on account of Uncle Sam's mighty clus watch of what's goin' on. You kin see a lot of his forts, though, without payin' for it, and likewise his summer house, which they tell me he is usin' for what they call a Barge office.

Most everything in York begins right there in the Garden, and it done me good to find that them overhead steam kyars have to stop there too. I heared that they intend to keep on one of these days and go up through the Statute of Liberty, and that ain't an impossible lie, jedgin' from what they've done already in the way of reckin' man's peace of mind.

There's plenty of ferry boats and steam kyar boats and unairthly lookin' sea monsterers round that region, but what struck me most was the floatin' houses that have to hold onto the Garden for fear they'll git away.

"Must have ben a freshet, somewhere," says I to a man I thought wouldn't git mad to be spoke to.

"Guess not," says he, "ain't hearn nothin' 'bout it in the papers."

"P'raps they ain't ben told of it yet, though news does travel fast in these parts," says I.

"'Bout what?" says he.

"'Bout them houses that have floated down here," says I.

"Good for you," says he, "that's the fust time I've come across that joke on the town's bathin' houses."

"Wal'," says I, "that's jest like you Yorkers. You can't even go in swimmin' without gettin' in doors. You'll never be satisfied till you've got a roof over the hull town and have to do your work by candle light."

With that I walked over to where a band of music was playin', and got into one of the biggest crowds I ever struck. I edged my



HE TAKES IN CASTLE GARDEN.

way along, but not without winkin' at a good many laughin' eyed gals that seemed to be chock full of fun.

There didn't 'pear to be any skeeters or black flies round, but the minges somehow begun to git at me the minnit I came along by the band.

"My blood must be mighty rich to-day," thinks I, "from the way they're after it."

A strong man like me could stand 'em for a while, but at last one of 'em that I thought must have weighed a pound bit clean through the thickest part of my britches and brought the blood out with him. That was more 'n I could stand, and I had to let out.

"Jerusalem—thunderation—Gosh!" I yelled in a way that made the folks clear out and give me plenty of room.

I'd grabbed behind as I felt the bite gittin' in, and you kin imagine my feelin's if you know anything 'bout York gals down there at the Butterry. I wished then I'd never gone within forty rod of the place. The minge turned out to be a pine stick with as p'inted a pin in the end of it as you could want to clear out bedbugs with. It made me feel hoppin', and if I'd seen a man of my size in that crowd I'd a licked him, but as I didn't I made tracks out of that place quick enough, becuz you can't git satisfaction out of a lot of titterin', gigglin' gals that would larf to see you break your neck.

"Awful playful gals," says one of the brass-button gardeners to me.

"Most tickled to death all the time," says I. "They're 'bout as kittenish as a yearling mule shod with spikes."

I had a smile on the size of a schoolmaster's when he sets down on a circus tack that kin stand on its head till somebody gits ready to perform.

Then I started my boots for the Castle, and was a good deal disapp'inted at what I see. It looks for all the world like an almighty big cheese box with a butter stamp on top.

You've got to have a ticket for most everything in York, and I didn't feel willin' to pay to see the show. So I was satisfied with the foreigners on the outside, who ware layin' round dressed up like minstrel players and eatin' cake all the time. They may have ben dooks and princes and dookeses and princeses for all I could find out, but I don't think much of their style anyhow. I tried to strike up a talk with some of 'em, but you might as well think of bein' friendly with a lot of jumpin' Jacks, becuz all they could do was to move their arms this way and that way and squat down agin the Castle and do nothin'.

It was gittin' discouragin', and I was thinkin' of goin' hum, when up comes a feller that *could* talk. He could keep it up faster 'n a steam injin, and wouldn't let me put a word in edgeways.

"Here, Tom," says he, "is a settler from the interior, that wants a nice boardin' house."

"No, I don't," says I, "I've got a good enough one now."

But, Lord, they wouldn't have heared me if I'd ben a thunder clap, and afore I knowed what was up, they had me gallopin' with one on each side, and kerflop I went into the middle of a wagon load of tough smellin' foreigners, with babies and stuffed meal bags all mixed up together.

Then I *was* mad clean in to the marrer ; and the way I popped out of that cart and made them fellers skite round was wuth seein', I should jedge. I'd a caught 'em if it hadn't ben for the gardener that run after us when I got on the grass. It was bilin' in me to tackle him for spite. I didn't, though, and I come to the conclusion afterwards that it was jest as well I cooled down, becuz if I hadn't promised to git away from the Buttery altogether, I'm convinced there'd a ben one more boarder in the pound.

I went off, feelin' satisfied that I'd larned a good deal for nothin' at all so fur as money is concerned, and I've put down my experience round the Castle in the Garden as one not to be forgot if I should go there agin, which I ain't likely to do unless I should forgit myself, and there ain't much danger of that happenin'.

HE LEARNS SOMETHING ABOUT BUNKO TRICKS HE HAD NEVER HEARD OF.

I'S alluz ben cal'lated to hum that I'm pooty well up to snuff, but I've got to give in to one lot of Yorkers, and that is the bunko boys. It's no use to try to mince matters; they're the cutest chaps livin', and I've got a darned sight more respect for 'em than the law has.

I'd ben warned agin 'em, and I fairly longed that they might see fit to tackle me, so I could have some sport. They did come round after a while, and this is the way of it.

Union common, or Union Square as the Yorkers call it, is a pleasant place to go to any time. It's a four-acre grove with plenty of seats to spark in nights, with statutes and flower gardens all round. It was mostly took up when I went there with good lookin' hired gals and children, though there ware a number of citizens there too, readin' papers and tryin' to snooze off a leetle.

Them that knows kin set down and look through the trees at celebrated taverns, and theaters, and pictur' takers, and sewin' machine makers, and music perducers, and book places that they say air known all over the world. The play actors have got a markit there, and you kin see some funny lookin' people among 'em. I could tell 'em myself now anywhere I see 'em. Most everybody, rich and poor alike, seems to have to git round that way somehow, and they tell me it's the only place in York that lays over the Frenchmen's big town on the other side of the world.

However thet may be I only know I was tickled way through when a chap come up and talked the way I'd ben told about. So I played him for a while, and then I changed off to see how he'd take it.

"Don't you think I'm a greenhorn," I says, "becuz if you do you'll find me a plaguey hot pertater to handle. Now you jest trot up the other feller that was to say to me bimeby, 'Howdy do, Uncle

Josh ; how's all the folks in Musquash ? ' and I'll tell you chaps a thing or two it might not hurt you to larn."

The other feller come up almost afore I'd got the words out of my mouth, and I says to 'em both :

"Jest you look in my off eye, and see if you think I'd try to win a \$10,000 prize in a Cuby lottery. Not much. You smart chaps want everything for nothing, and you can't bamboozle me for one."

I expected much as could be they'd git mad, but instead of that they larfed like fun, and said I was a thoroughbred.

"There ain't no pertater bugs on you, Uncle Josh," says one of 'em.

"I guess not," says I, "at least not this season."

"Have a drink on us," says he.

"No, thankee," says I, "I ain't drinkin' with strangers in this village."

"We've got money," says he, kinder hurt, and pullin' out a wad as big as your fist, with a twenty-dollar bill a top.

"So have I," says I, "and what's more I'm goin' to keep it for a spell."

"You're too smart for us," says he, "but I hope you won't tell any one else how it's done, we ain't brought no harm to you."

"Oh, no," says I, "if anyone's green enough to let you ketch 'em, they desarve what they git, and it ain't my consarn."

When they see that I was nobody's fool they got confidin', and told me how they worked the modus operandy from A to Z, and said if I wasn't afeared I could come round some other day, and see for myself.

"No time like the present," says I.

"But," says one of 'em, "it might take harf a day to ketch a greenhorn. You'd better come round some other time."

"No," says I, "it's now or never with Uncle Josh."

"You'll have to be like one of us then for the time bein'," says he, "and make believe you're buyin' harf the Island of Cuby."

"Let me alone for that," I says, and off he goes, while the other one told me how he come to leave his rich family and git down so low.

It wasn't twenty minutes afore they'd caught the softest lookin' victim you could think of, and after a plenty of cheap talk and soft

sodder, off we ware for the place where he was to git a soot of clothes simply for tellin' the folks to hum where he lived that the Governor's son had started a bussness in York, and had made the ones he had on.

I tested my conscience, and found it was above both fear and reproach, as I was only a spectater, and they'd have caught him anyhow. All I had to do was to make believe I was spendin' money without actually puttin' out a cent. So right in the midst of it I whipped out the leather wallet I carry away down next to my skin for safe keepin', and says :

"I guess you kin give me forty dollars' wuth of tickets in the Cuby lottery."

It wasn't intended that I should buy any tickets, as that was to be only a sham. But as soon as that wallet come out suthin' happened. It alluz seems to be my luck to git into scrapes jest when they're goin' to holler "perlice." That's what happened this time, and knowin' I was in a sharpers' place I took to my heels with the rest of 'em, and we got away all right.

That's where the singular part of it comes in, for when I come to my senses I found my wallet was gone, lost in the rush. I was alone then, and I ain't ashamed to say that I sat down and wept the best I knowed how. It wasn't the forty dollars I war moanin' about, but the knowledge that I of all people had ben skun without discoverin' what had happened to me till it was all over.

As I said at the start, I've got respect for the bunko chaps of York. It cost me \$40 for knowin' too much about a thing that I didn't know anything about, and I ain't one of the kind not to give the devil his due.

Go thou and *don't* do likewise unless you air a idiot and can't tell when enough's better'n a feast.

## SOCIETY RECEIVES HIM WITH OPEN ARMS.

**T**HEY say the good things in this life come to those that air willin' to wait for 'em to ketch up. One of 'em come right along to me 't other day, in the shape of the most beyoutiful gal that ever stepped in shoe leather. She was my nevvy Sprouts' particular friend, and had took quite a shine to me from



AT THE RECEPTION.

the fust when we ware interduced. It cut up Sprouts not a leetle when he found she wanted me to go to a big party with her, while he had to stay to hum, becuz he's pooty small apples with the high and mighty 'mong perlite folks. He was mad, too, becuz I called her Maria instead of Mayree or some other new fangled name he'd got for her.

When I agreed to go with her, she looked up through the bo<sup>oc</sup>ttom-  
less pit of her soul-stirrin' eyes, and says :

"If you don't mind my callin' you Uncle Josh, you kin call me  
Maria as much as you like."

It nigh took my breath away, but I managed to git out "agreed," and then says :

"I'm afeared I might not be good enough to go to a party with you, Maria."

"Why, yes, you air, Uncle Josh," says she. "You'll be as big a man as Buffalo Bill is in London, and the lion of the hour."

"Don't begin to flatter me too quick," says I, sorter modest like, though it did make me feel good all over to hear her say that right out.

I prepared for that party as I never did afore, and I thanked my stars I had knowed enough to bring a reg'lar weddin' outfit down in my valise in case of suthin' of the kind.

It's sartin I never looked so slick afore. I had on a figgere westco't with collars to it as big as donkeys' ears. It was cut so low, though, I had to be careful, or the false front Jerusha'd plastered up with starch would flop out when I least expected, and might hit somebody I should be talkin' to. The dicky, too, was stiffer 'n seasoned hickory. I had a good deal of trouble in gettin' into my haircloth dancin' pumps, as I hadn't put them on for many a day. But I knowed you can't go to a fust-class, bang-up party of perlite folks without sufferin' some, and when I come to see my whole rig-out in a lookin' glass, I was satisfied Maria'd be proud as a peacock to have me for a bow. And so she was.

It made me color up a leetle when I fust see her fixed up, for I thought I'd come 'round afore she'd had time to git on the upper part of her dress, and I kept lookin' sheep's eyes to begin with. I diskivered, though, that t'other end was long enough to bring the whole git-up within the law, and when we got to the party I concluded that if Maria had forgot anything, some of the other wimmin folks had disremembered a darned sight more, and I'll admit I warn't put out at their forgitfulness.

If I do say it, I was the best lookin' man at the party, and if I'd wanted to I could a had my pick of the gals to say "kin I see you hum" to. They come 'round like bees, and the way we talked

and carried on was enough to make a feller forgit his grandmother.

It sorter took 'em right off, soon as one was interduced, to see how much more perlite I was than the other men folks. They got the best bow I'd larned from the dancin' master to hum, which I'd put the finishin' tech on by cuttin' a pidgin's wing every time to perfection.



TELLING SPROUTS ABOUT THE MURRAY HILL RECEPTION.

As to what we talked about I couldn't say now to save me, but I know that when I got warmed up I says to 'em :

"Let's have a game of Copenhagen."

"Why, Uncle Josh," says one of 'em, "we haven't any rope?"

"I'll 'tend to that," says I. "You wait here, and I'll slip upstairs and git a bed cord in no time."

I wish I could reperduce the way they larfed, becuz it would do

your heart good to see it, though you might not understand where the joke come in any more 'n I did.

"You're a genius, Uncle Josh," says she to me, through her tears, "and could give some of the other men 'round here p'ints on knowin' how to be entertainin'."

"Shall I git it?" says I. "All you've got to do is to say so."

"Never mind," says she, "we'll compromise on Copenhagen with a Virginny reel, which is the best we kin do on this occasion."

That was a dance I don't guess they'll forgit. The way I sweat was awful, but I'm light on my feet, 'specially in dancin' pumps and I never lost a step while I was gittin' my coat off. I didn't believe perlite folks could be so frisky and take holt of a dance with sech sperit. An unfortunit thing occurred, though, jest as I was doin' one of my best balance to corners. You see the false front had got joggled a good deal, and all of a sudden out she flopped and stuck up pooty nigh level with my chin.

That ended the dance, of course, bein' that I couldn't see how I was steppin'. While I was out in the preservatory coolin' off I heard some people say that one of the gals had bust her corset larfin' at the way the plaguey thing bobbed out. I'spose it must have ben a leetle curus, to say the least.

As to what happened after that I disremember mostly, 'cept that when we come to the feed they gave me a square piece of what I took to be cake. I picked it up, and I'd a given a dollar if I could a dropped it without suspicion. As it was I detarmined to hold onto it, but you might as well have tried to hold a greased eel. It begun to slide, and I begun to squeeze; but the more I'd squeeze the wuss it slid, and before Maria could git her plate under it, down it went plum into the place where my westco't seemed to be yawnin' for it.

My hand was 'bout froze with holdin' the thing, but I got the westco't open and let it slip down to the floor, kerslop. Some of it soaked through and run down my leg, but that was the least uncomfortable part of my experience with the patent kind of ice cream they have in York. Takin' it all in all, though, I had a fust rate time with Maria from beginin' to end, and I'd like to have an invite to one of them perlite parties every night 'cept Sundays.

Sprouts was lookin' anxious when I come in, as though he thought suthin' onusual must have happened.

"Wal," says he, doubtful enough, "how 'd Mayree enjoy the evenin'?"

"Said I was one of the most entertainin' men she ever see, and told me I could call her Maria much as I wanted to," says I. "Mighty fine gal that, and jest the kind I like. She fit like a good one when we got to the gate, but I'm used to wimmin's ways and done the thing up brown. I ain't like you meechy York chaps, and didn't ask her for a kiss, but up and bussed her twice on her pooty cheeks."

"Oh, Lord, Uncle Josh," says he, like he was havin' a tooth pulled, "what in heaven's name will you do next?"

"Buss her agin," says I, "if I kin git the chance. She liked it well as I did, or she wouldn't have squirmed."

"Let's go to bed," says he, "I s'pose I'll have to suffer for this night's doin's."

I could see he was jealous clean through, so I let him off without injurin' his feelin's any more, becuz he's sorter narrer minded 'bout some things, specially when there's a gal in the case.

## HOW TO WIN ON THE RACES AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

THEME was when hoss racin' was considered rather shady bussness. And nothin' ever hurt Deacon Lige Stubbs's character wuss in Musquash then the time he beat me and Squar' Buxton and old Jake Smithers on the road to the meetin' house. Old Jake turned round and cut for hum soon as he caught sight of the steeple through the dust, and the Squar' druv his big piebald geldin' into the elder bushes to scrape the soap suds off. Then he come out meek as Moses, and put a flea into the parson's ear that brought out a powerful warnin' agin the wickedness of alluz tryin' to be fust, that everybody could see was aimed straight at the Deacon.

Wonder what he'd say to see the way Yorkers take to hoss racin'. Why, they've got nigh a dozen fair grounds, where they don't do nothin' but race hosses.

When I told Sprouts that I wanted to see at least one bang-up hoss race, he said he guessed we'd better go down to the Brighton fair grounds, becuz that was the liveliest place in this country.

"Agreed," says I, "pervided you won't let 'em know I'm there, lest they should want me for one of the jedges."

"Trust me for that," says he.

But I had a deal harder time to git out of it then I s'posed I should, becuz they kept sendin' round fellers to git me to be a jedge. They ware plaguey persistin' too, and every one of 'em declared that I could make more 'n a thousand dollars if I'd be a jedge, and do what they said.

"You can't bribe me," says I, "for if I was to be a jedge I'd see there warn't no cheatin' goin' on."

They ware determined, though, and three or four of 'em seemed bound to lug me right up to the stand, and I dunno but they'd a done it if it hadn't ben for Sprouts, who seemed to sorter spile their confidence in my abilities to be a jedge.

But while I was gittin' myself together agin, collectin' the distant parts of my body as it ware, up comes another smooth talker with a letter from the Society. I had to take that, of course, for the sake of perliteness, if nothin' more, and I'm hanged if he didn't make me pay an outrageous price for bringin' it to me, too.

"What's this rigamarole about?" I says to Sprouts.

"Why," says he, "them air tips. They're supposed to tell you jest how the hosses air comin' in."

It all struck me then quick as a flash, and I grabbed Sprouts,



UNCLE JOSH AT THE RACES.

much to his surprisement, and run him off to a quiet place, and says:

"I've got an idee. Now you set here till I come back, so you won't git lost."

Fact was I see sech an alfired big crowd of men and wimmin, and there was sech a hollerin' and runnin' round that I was afeared we might git separated when it come time for the hosses to trot.

"So long 's they've let the cat out of the bag as to how the hosses are comin' in," thinks I, "the hull thing must be a swindle, and it's my belief, Uncle Josh, you ought to take advantage of what you've found out from their wantin' you to be a jedge."

Off I meandered, lookin' for somebody that I thought would likely be willin' to bet t'other way from me. I knowed there must be plenty of 'em, becuz Yorkers wouldn't go much of anywhere unless they could bet on suthin'. So I kept my eye peeled, and watched the crazy actin' fellers swarm round and plank their money down on the little peanut stands, of which there ware plenty.

I was cute enough not to let anyone see me lookin' at my precious letter, and when I found the name I was after, I walked up to a stand and shelled out ten dollars as though it warn't nothin' at all.

It made me chuckle when I got back to Sprouts and told him how I'd got the best of the Yorkers, as I was sure to win when settlin' time come.

"Fool and his ten dollars soon parted," says he.

"Jest you wait," says I, "till them boys on hossback git through drivin' the cows off the track, and you'll see.

"Drivin' the cows off the track," says he, almost disgusted like, "why, that's the great race for three-year olds."

"Mebbe you call that a race," says I, "but I ain't seen no trottin' yet."

"Trottin'," says he, really mad now, "you don't s'pose Yorkers care about trottin' hoss racin', when they kin git this, do you?"

"I'd ought to know as much, I'll allow," says I. "I'd ought to have knowed I couldn't expect to see a real hoss race where everything's upside down as it is in York. As for them gallopin' hosses, and all that jumpin' over stun walls and hedge fences and 20-foot brooks, it's all very well for a circus, but it don't fit my idee of a hoss race. P'raps I might have liked it better if you'd told me they ware racin', instead of gettin' ready for the trot. As it is I s'pose I can't git my ten dollars back, kin I?"

"Wait a leetle," says he, "and I'll see."

I was feelin' glum enough and no mistake, when all of a sudden Sprouts clutched my arm as though he was havin' a fit, and made a rush for the peanut stand, draggin' me with him and sayin' "ten to one, ten to one" all the time.

I thought it was ten to one he was crazy, and when he made me put my hand up, and I brung it back myself with ten ten-dollar bills in it, I wouldn't have ben more petrified if a mountain had fell on me. There I stood with my mouth and eyes wide open as a barn

door, tryin' to git it through me how it was that you kin bet a dollar on a real hoss race and mebbe git two for it, whereas on gallopin' hosses the Yorkers give you a hundred for ten.

"By hokey," says I, "that's too much for your Uncle Josh to git through his noddle."

"Hayseed for luck," muttered as spruce a lookin' chap as you could wish to see, but with a face that was long enough to eat oats out of a churn

Sence he knowed my name I was on the p'int of tellin' him how they had sent me a letter to be a jedge, but Sprouts pulled me off for hum.

I never knowed him to be so proud of his Uncle Josh afore, and he stopped more 'n twenty people and told 'em how I'd got the best of the hoss race without havin' to be a jedge. What they all larfed about I couldn't make out, 'cept that Sprouts said the less anyone knows 'bout York race hosses the more likely he is to win on 'em, which may be a joke of some kind. If it is everybody is welcome to it, becuz it's too much for me.

## UNCLE JOSH VISITS RIVERSIDE PARK AND THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT.

**A**FTER puttin' it off and puttin' it off, my bounden dooty to pay reverence to General Grant's final restin' place become so hefty on me that it couldn't be sherked much longer. Fact is, I never was even a fair to middlin' mourner, and I dreaded the job, though I knowed full well I'd ought to be glad of the chance to bow before all that was left of that great man's mortal remains.

It was Jerusha's doin's that I went there after all, for she had laid the law down this wise:

"If you should come hum," says she, "without droppin' a few salt tears on that great hero's grave, I'd quit all weepin' for a month, and go right down to York myself to pay reverence to his ashes."

Then she gave me a beyoutiful epitap she had writ for the occasion to put where it could be seen of men.

When I got ready to start out I reckon there never was a more doleful lookin' mourner. Jerusha never does things by harves, and my valise had a plentiful supply of cheese cloth she'd colored black purposely for this occasion.

General's Grant's tomb is a good piece up in the village, but I wouldn't disgrace myself by goin' to it on the overhead steam kyars, becuz you can't hold onto your respect for anything soon as you git on them fretful destroyers of man's peace of mind.

So I footed it to where the big river hove into sight, and for the next two mile or more it was much as I could do to keep mournful, on account of the wonderful sights to be seen. Seemed to me it was a clus race atween man and Natur' as to which should git the upper-hand, with man likely to have a leetle the best of it in the end. But it could be seen that Natur' had a holt round there that man never could shake off.

Once, while I was thinkin' up all the solum reflections I could muster, I caught sight of suthin', someway beyond the turnpike

where all the rich folks drive up, that made me stop still as a moniment.

Then there came a fearful fight between conscience and nat'r'l curusness, and I'm sorrowful to say that conscience got bested, and I was led off from the path of dooty to investigate what I couldn't keep my eyes off of. It looked from where I stood like a real rock



UNCLE JOSH AND THE REINDEER.

castle, with five dooks and queens and raindears, such as I'd seen in books that I thought ware lies, amovin' round on top of the precipise.

When I got up to it I see that the rock precipise was there jest as the book picturs had it. I was satisfied now that I had come across suthin' that was wuth findin' out about, and so I leaned up agin the precipise to think out some way of gittin' up to the top.

I guess one of the raindears must have smelled me out then, for pooty soon I felt my new straw hat rise off my head, and turnin' round quick I see the raindear makin' for the top of the precipise with it in his mouth.

I didn't stop any longer to consider how I should git to the castle, but started right up the precipise after the raindear as fast as I could climb. It was a mighty clus race up that steep rock, but I couldn't afford to lose my new straw hat with the mournin' round it anyhow, and I caught the critter by the hind leg jest as he reached the top, and got the hat away from him.

When I see that the raindear turned out to be nothin' but a pesky goat, I was madder 'n a March hare, and the way I walloped that prophet-bearded cuss would have done old Jake Smithers's heart good to see, for he hated a goat above all things.

I was so busy with the wallopin' that I forgot all 'bout the dooks and their consorts, but when I did look up I see three or four of as tough lookin' queens as kin be found in a blacksmith's seven-up deck bearin' right down upon me with fire in their eyes. I let go the raindear quicker 'n I caught hold of him, and down the precipise I went with the queens after me pell mell. I slid about two-thirds of the way down, and got enough stun bruises to start a poultice factory on, but I guess it saved my life from them fiery queens, though I had to run like a good one after I reached the bottom.

After this it warn't no easy matter to git the proper sperit on for my mournful task. It come back after a good deal of coaxin', however, and finally I marched up solum as a hoot owl to the awe-inspirin' place.

That spot's wurthy of bein' the buryin' ground of that great and illustrious man, for it's a sorter nat'r'l Mount Zion, with a little clump of trees left on top as if they'd ben placed there by man.

But I was shocked to find that the Yorkers have to hire mourners to stay round and do the weepin' for the hull village. Yet there they ware, with a little house to live in, and dressed up a purpose for the bussness they've made of it. It's true that's accordin' to York idees, through and through, but I'll admit I never would have believed they'd hire people to sorrer for 'em if I hadn't seen 'em.

It effected me so that all I could do was to put Jerusha's epitap on the grave and depart. So I cut a pooty little bough of cedar and tied the epitap onto it as I'd ben ordered. Then I went up to the tomb and stuck the bough into the green earth as clus as possible to where the great man was said to rest, and took up my sorrerin' way humward.

Finally, after I'd gone off a way with uncovered head, I turned for one partin' look. The sight nigh upset me. Believe me, ye who kin, them hired mourners had pulled up the cedar bough and were readin' Jerusha's beautiful epitap—not with reverence and submission, but with a larfin' and a slappin' of their knees as though they ware tickled that they had found some one to help 'em mourn.

That was most too much for me, and I went back a deal more sadful than when I had started out to pay reverence to the great man that's gone forever.

## UNCLE JOSH GOES TO HIGH BRIDGE, AND HEARS A MONIMENTAL LIE.

"HAT I'm achin' to see now," says I to my nevvy Sprouts, "is a circus."

"Wal, then," says he, "you'd better go up High Bridge this comin' Sunday."

"You don't mean," says I, "that they allow circuses to run on the Lord's day, do you?"

"You go up there," says he, "and you'll find out whether they do or not."

As p'raps 'you know, my prejudise agin the overhead steam kyars was stronger 'n sp'ilt fish, but it had to give in this time, becuz he said I'd have to start out at daylight if I was to walk there.

It was lucky I took the kyars, otherwise I'd had to go hum without havin' squenched my burnin' thirstiness to see the end of the bridge they run through the village on, which I now found fetched up adjinin' the circus grounds.

There was plenty of music goin' on, and more sideshows then I thought necessary to supply a hundred circuses. What surprised me most, though, was the way the gals hung round for free tickets.

They didn't make any bones of it, but come up and made friendly with me the easiest I ever experienced. It was so sortər onusal that it took me quite a spell to git used to their sociable ways.

Besides I was afeared they might be the same as them playful ones I'd run across down by the Buttery. They ware harmless enough, though, fur as pins ware consarned, but it upset me somewhat, when one of 'em kinder skipped up, and says, as thougl. she'd knowed me a year:

"Ah, there, Uncle Josh, how high kin you jump."

"Course I'm here," says I, "and I ain't jumpin' much nuther."

I did jump, though, higher 'n I ever did afore, for she gave me a poke in the ribs with her parisall that was so unexpected I wasn't prepared for it.

"You're the highest stepper yet," says she, and with that off she goes in a flutter and larfin' as though she'd split, with me gazin' after her, and wonderin' whether there ware any more of that kind of females round there.

As a fact there ware plenty of 'em, and it took me some time to larn how to jine in the sperit of the thing. But when I found out how to be sociable, and when to expect onsartin things, I looked



SIDE SHOWS.

round for the pootiest favored gal in the lot to take into the side shows.

She was with a young feller, but as that didn't make any differ- ence when they wanted to speak to me, I s'posed it was all right if I spoke fust.

That I did, but it seems it wouldn't work both ways, at least not in that instance.

It made me larf right out, though, to see the way that feller

threw his head for'ard, with his hat nigh hangin' on his off ear, and walked along to me, hitchin' up fust one shoulder and then the other. He reminded me of a turkey cock spilin' for a fight, and I come near believin' that was what he was after.

It wasn't, however, for he was 'bout as big as a pint of cider, and after he'd cut up all the gimcracks he wanted to, he and the gal walked off and left me standin' larfin' yet, and wonderin' what he'd ben tryin' to do anyhow.

While I was figgerin' that matter out, two more gals come along, and I hitched on in the middle, and away we trotted to see the side-shows together.

Sech a sightseein' time as we had ain't to be forgot. It was up hill and down dale, over ledges and through groves and marshes, with poppy shows and ginger beer places on all sides, and the river runnin' along with a hundred boats on it from the size of a peanut shell to that of a leviathan of the deep.

I never had a better rompin' time afore, 'specially in helpin' them gals to climb over the rocks that Natur' had left there jest a purpose, it would seem. The amount of candy and sarsparilly beer it was necessary for us to consume on the way over was astonishin'. Them gals could find suthin' for you to buy no matter how thick the woods might be or how steep the ledges ware.

We'd gone on this way for about a mile, I should jedge, when, afore I knowed it fairly, we come out plum atop of the High Bridge itself, and an awe-inspirin' sight it was that met my gaze from that p'int.

I'd relished every foot of the way with them talkative gals, and when we got among the people on the bridge, I made bold to do the way I see others doin' on the way over, and across we marched with my arms plenty long enough to hold 'em both from fallin' off. It pleased the gals mighty to be hugged up like that by a good-lookin' feller, and they giggled and joked all the way over.

You'll alluz find jealousy in this world when you see people enjoyin' themselves, and I noticed that a good many on the bridge 'peared to be put out becuz they couldn't have the fun we ware.

Finally, we reached the circus grounds, and I'll admit it wasn't exactly what I'd ben led to expect. There wasn't a tent to be

seen, but there ware more 'n fifty new side shows, and I was fully satisfied so long as the gals ware.

It happened, however, that, when I'd spent pootoy much all the money I had round at the time, the gals got lost, and I couldn't find 'em high nor low.

There ware plenty of other ones, but I'm true and wouldn't take up with 'em. While I was lookin' round I fetched up of a sudden at the foot of the biggest moniment my eyes ever lit on.

"Whose gravestun is that?" says I to one of the men folks I see lookin' at it.

"That's Croton Waters's tower," says he.

"Has he ben dead a long time?" says I.

"Be you deaf?" says he.

"What's that got to do with it?" says I.

"Why, can't you understand?" says he. "That's the tower that sends the water round this village after it gits across the bridge."

"P'raps you think that's comical," says I, "but for my part, I don't believe in jokin' 'bout the dead. Furthermore, if you think you could fool me into believin' that they bring wafer clean across this bridge, and squirt it from here down to where I'm stoppin', you've got hold of some one you can't stuff that into."

"They don't bring it across," says he, "it comes over of its own accord, and that's what the bridge was built for."

When this come out, it angered me so to think that anyone could stand up and tell such a nonsense lie as that, I had two-thirds of a mind to lick him for bein' sassy. Then I knowed he must a ben drinkin', and would probably be sorry for it when he got sober, and so passed it off as though I believed it all.

On the way back it pleased me not a little to think how well I'd acted it out about the moniment, by appearin' to swallow what he said as though it was Gospel truth.

## FIFTH AVENUE MANSIONS AND THE QUEER IDEES OF STAGE DRIVERS.

**A**NY one that comes to York expectin' to be amazed by them millionaire palaces you hear so much of is likely to go hum disapp'nted. They ware all p'inted out to me on the Fifth Avenue turnpike, and while I'll allow that piles and piles of money have ben wasted in disfigerin' the fust-class stun they're made of, there ain't one of 'em that's harf decently painted. If I owned the best of the lot, I'd clap on a false front of two-inch spruce all over, and put the rest of my money in paint.

Take that pair of fair to middlin' palaces up by the big cathedral meetin' house, for instance. Let them be fixed up as I've p'nted out, and, without bein' sparin' of the main thing, put on three coats of early cherry red with plenty of gloss in it, with a good grade of sky bloo for the blinds, and you'd hear of the people flockin' up there to see them palaces in sech crowds they'd have to put a gate up at both ends of the turnpike.

You kin see that they're all mighty tight-skinned folks, bein' they ain't got any grounds at all 'round their palaces. As a solum fact I verily believe them people think more of a square rod of land than I do of a ten-acre lot on a side hill.

One place I did take to a leetle better than the rest, sense they've got sort of a front yard with inch high grass in it. That makes the palace set back somewhat and look sorter respectable. It's all painted white, but I could see it hadn't ben teched up lately, and I heared that sense Mr. Stewart was stole it's likely to go to rack and ruin.

"If it does," thinks I, "it p'raps wouldn't be a bad bargin, Uncle Josh, for you to step in and buy it after the wind and rain have had enough of a whack at the shingles to cheapen it up."

I thought it best to look 'round the premises anyhow, and the nighest way I see to git at the porch was to climb the fence. There didn't seem to be any dogs 'round, so up I climbed.

Seems to me now as though the hull thing must have ben figgered out, for jest as I got harf over so I couldn't do nothin' one way or t'other the hired man grabbed me. It was about as comfortable a position as that of two cats on a clothes line, but that didn't appear to make any difference with the hired man, and there he held me till the sheriffs come up and the road got full of people.

Sech a fuss they made as I wouldn't if I'd found Jddy Jones's rascally boy up in the top branches of my grafted pear tree, and when I told 'em I was only goin' to look 'round with an idee to buyin' the place when it should be put up to auction, they ware for takin' me to the 'sylum direct and instanter. You couldn't beat no sense into them people, no how, and I nigh gave up, and was jest goin' to send for Sprouts, when a sight gladdened my eyes sech as I don't s'pose would occur agin once in a life time.

That bein' a turnpike road, you see, all the village stage coaches go up through it, and when I was feelin' at the very wust who should I see drivin' one of 'em but Bill Duckers, who used to carry the mail out of Musquash.

He knowed me the minnit I hollered, and up he druv and testified to the truth of all I'd declared. The upshot was he got 'em to let me git up on top of the stage coach, and away we went, colors flyin', up the turnpike. And sech a talkin' over of old times as me and Bill had that day was wuth all the misery I'd ben through afore he'd showed up.

Bimeby we started back agin, and Bill says to me .

"For the Lord's sake, will you hold them ribbons till I step over and wet my whistle, I ain't had a chance afore to-day."

"Sartin, Bill," says I, and knowin' his ways, I added : "I'll wait a good hour for you, but not a minnit more."

"I guess an hour 'll do," says he, sorter harf larfin'.

Then I knowed I was in for it, becuz that was what he was given his walkin' papers for off the Musquash stage. So I concluded I'd better use up the time by drivin' 'round a bit. Bill's hosses alluz git so used to a whip that they become to expect it, but the pair he had this time seemed to relish it so that I was afeared they'd stop altogether if I licked 'em any more. I wanted 'em to speed a leetle, though, so I tied the seegar he gave me onto the butt of the whip, and tickled 'em up with the lighted end.

They struck into a gallop and I kept encouragin' 'em till I thought we ware fairly flyin', and it made me feel so good to once more git holt of a pair of reins that I had to holler out and let 'em go. I was beatin' everything on the road, and though the passengers kicked up a rumpus inside the people all along the road ketched the sperit of the thing when they see me passin' everybody and strivin' to git a leetle more out of Bill's old hosses.

York roads air awful rocky, but most everybody works out their taxes I should jedge from the way they've smoothed things down. It's deceivin', though, to travel over a rocky road like that, bein' it makes sech a thunderin' racket you think you're goin' like a streak when you ain't. That's the way it was with me, and you kin imagin' my surprisement when Bill come up over the top of the stage coach, which I found out he'd ben runnin' after from the time I started out.

I never see a much madder man in my life than he was when he got holt of them reins and sp'ilt the excitement I'd got up on the turnpike, where they never see a hoss go faster 'n a dog trot. He made me git right off and walk, when I s'posed he was in some tavern and would stay there at least an hour and a harf.

So fur as I'm consarned I want to say now that there ain't any hard feelin's betwixt me and Bill, but I will likewise say that sence he's come to York, he's got to be jest like the rest, and has got queer idees into his head as how to treat an old friend. I s'pose he's drivin' on the turnpike yet, but I wouldn't go there to see, ontil he comes to make friends agin with me fust.

THE OBELISK DOES NOT OVERAWE UNCLE JOSH WITH ITS AGE, AND HE EXPRESSES SOME OPINIONS.

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**E**VERYBODY'S hearn of Cleoparty's needle, but I reckon there ain't many 'cept the veriest simpletons that could be brought to believe she ever used it much for patchwork. If so, it would be wuth suthin' to git a look at her sewin' barskit, which I should think would be ruther too sizeable to be used for a circus tent even.

I've alluz knowned that she was the biggest queen that ever lived, still it ain't within reason that she should handle that p'inted stun that way. Mebby she might have used it for sewin' up the cracks in the airth ; but, however near right that may be, the Yorkers have got it now, and it ain't much to be feared that anybody will steal it away from 'em nuther.

Jerusha had told me that Cleo probably used that needle to make a case for Pompey's piller, and when I fust come up to it I should say I must have eyed it fully a quarter of an hour afore I got my senses fairly collected in tryin' to reckon up how big that piller must be.

Then I wouldn't venture within ten rod of the place, it looked so like it was bound to topple over. It's really wonderful how they've balanced that thing on its head.

Once after I'd ventured up a leetle nigher the wind come up stiff, and I couldn't keep from yellin' to the people round there :

“Look out for yourself, it's goin' to fall right among you.”

I made a scoot for fear it might send things flyin', but the rest of 'em never moved 'cept to see me skedaddle. It didn't come over, however, though I'm satisfied there's a good chance for it goin' the fust rip-snortin' line storm that strikes that region, becuz there ain't no braces to hold it.

Bimeby I got over my caution, and walked up to where the others ware, so I could declare I'd had Cleoparty's needle in my

hand, which is to say that I'd laid my hand agin it. But they wouldn't let me even tech it, and it made me feel put out to see how stiff they ware about it.

"You needn't be so skeered of your old clay needle," says I, "becuz I don't want to carry it off."

"You looked sorter sneaky the way you come up," says the feller, "and we didn't know but p'raps you did have designs on it."

"Oh, no," says I, "I don't own any of them designs on it, if you kin call them holes and scratches and disfiggerments designs. By the by, how'd you come to let people hack it up so?"



FELLOW PILGRIMS.

"That warn't done round here," says he, sorter sneerin'. "Them's 'scriptions that ware made thousands and thousands of years ago."

"You tell that to the hoss marines," says I. "As if I'm green enough to believe anyone kin read them hen tracks on that thing."

He quit talkin' then, and I surrendered my soul and body up to reflections, and come to the conclusion that people knowed a darned sight less in Cleo's time then they do now, otherwise they'd never have made her a needle that warn't round. Why, if a woman should be seen nowadays with a square-cut needle like that, they'd never stop pokin' fun at it in the quiltin' parties and sewin' bees.

"But then," says I to a stranger, who was sort of a pilgrim in

York like myself, but dreadful green, "you couldn't expect them to know as much as they do now."

"That's as true a word as ever was spoke," says he.

"You can't see the eye to that needle," I says, makin' out I hadn't hearn his compliment, "becuz its hid from sight."

"True agin," says he ; "but I noticed that myself."

"If that was holler," I continues, "like the Statute of Liberty, I'd take you right up to the top of it, and show you the sights."

"That reminds me," says he, "that's it's said they're goin' to give this needle to Miss Liberty to sew with on rainy days and when she's lonesome."

"Man alive," says I, "what an idee ! Why, Miss Liberty couldn't begin to lift that stun, if she was twice as big as she is."

"Wal, I don't know," says he, "becuz I never see Miss Liberty, but that's what I've ben told."

"You shouldn't believe everything you hear in York," says I, "becuz if you do you're likely to git to be an awful onbeliever after a while."

He said I was one of the most informed men he'd seen, and he'd ben in York two days. So we jined right in together and picked out p'ints in the big needle till he was satisfied that if he should ever come across it agin, he'd know where he'd seen it afore, fust thing.

"'Bout how big," says he, "do you cal'late you'd want to be to have that thing jabbed into you?"

"That's a question," says I, "that I ain't prepared to answer without figgerin'. Howsomever, I'll venture to say that if they ware to stick that thing on the end of the North Pole, and use it to spear fish with, like we do chubs and suckers, they'd have to hunt a long while afore they'd find a whale big enough to stand it without mashin'."

"You don't mean to tell me," says he, "that they're likely to do that with it, do you?"

"You can't tell," says I, "what they're likely to do in these parts. If not, however, what is it good for anyway?"

"That's what I've ben tryin' to make out," says he.

"Wal," says I, "it's time to go hum. But fust let me tell you that when you've ben round York as much as I have, you'll find a good

many things jest as hard to understand as it is to diskiver what  
airthly use, let alone profit, the Yorkers kin see in Cleoparty's big  
stun needle ; at least that's my opinion, though I don't pretend that  
I've seen every curus thing there is in this alfired great village  
yet."

## UNCLE JOSH DINES AT DELMONICO'S.

**S**PROUTS ain't ordinarily what I should consider a revengeful feller, but somehow he'd got it into his head that I'd injered him more 'n once sence I come to York. This was found out after the hull thing took place, and he was satisfied he'd paid me up for what he believed I'd done to him. If he didn't do the thing up brown, I'll lose my guess. He played off friendly from the start of it, and says, jestly enough, I thought :

"Uncle Josh, you ain't treated me once to any real good eatin', so what do you say to givin' me a nice dinner to-night?"

"That's so," says I, "but it's nigh supper time now, and though I'm powerful hungry, I'm afeared you couldn't find anyone that would get up a dinner for us at this time of day."

He larfed, and said he guessed we could find somebody to accommodate us.

"Where do you think would be best to go?" says I.

"Guess we'd better go up to Mr. Delmonico's place," says he.

"Jest what I want to see," says I, "becuz I've hearn so much 'bout his bang-up boardin' house I've been intendin' to go there ever sence I left Musquash. But I kin tell you that he won't give us a dinner after sundown, without its a picked-up one, and for my part, I despise picked-up dinners."

"That's 'bout all he does give," says Sprouts, sorter gigglin' like a gal.

"Wal," says I, "if you can go a picked-up dinner, I guess I won't complain, becuz I never was so dainty as you air."

He said it wouldn't do for us to go up there onless we done the way the others done, and dressed ourselves up in a swaller-tail coat. I never had one of them things on, and I never see Sprouts have one, so when he said he'd git 'em for both, I thought the hull thing was a joke, includin' the dinner at night time. It was anything but that, though, so fur as I'm consarned.

"We'll git them soots," says he, "the way plenty of people git theirs ; that is, we'll hire 'em."

I've ben told you could hire most anything in York, but to hire a man's clothes was suthin' I'd never dreamed of. But that's what he done for both of us, and when we ware fixed up to his heart's content, I expected he'd want me to walk up to Delmonico's boardin' house on all fours, the way Natur' intended all monkeys should travel.

All the larfter was druv clean out of my cistern when I thought of what a larfin stock we'd be, and if he hadn't prayed and exorted me, I'd never have agreed to let anyone see me in that rig. I felt wuss 'n as though I was goin' to be baptized in a river where you could see floatin' cakes of ice, with the grit pooty nigh run out of me.

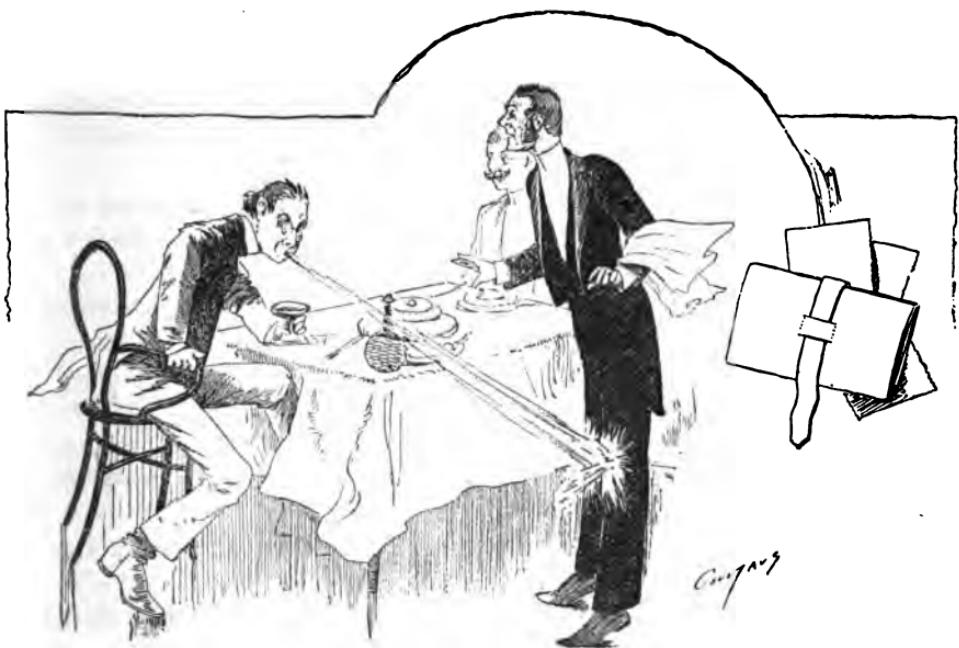
It ain't easy to imagin' my surprise when we got there at findin' plenty of people lookin' jest as bad as we did. I pitied some of them poor fellers that had to stand it with their hair combed on both sides like a woman, which to my mind was pilin' it on a leetle too strong.

After a while one of the best lookin' fellers in the room come up, and it took my breath away to see the way Sprouts ordered him round. It made me hide my head to see how shameful that nevvy of mine acted towards him, and the meachy way he seemed to take it. He got mad, though, as I expected he would, and I was jest goin' to give Sprouts a piece of my mind, when back that feller came and gave us both some clams to shell that he'd got harf done.

I thought I'd help him out, but Sprouts picked up the clams, one by one, and without any attention to who might be lookin', swallered them clams raw without techin' a spoon to 'em. His friend come along then and took the hull thing away, and brought back some consumed soup, as Sprouts called it, though it seemed to be all there yet.

Of course I wouldn't tech that watery lookin' stuff, and when Sprouts asked me what I'd have for alewives, I told him there warn't a fish I could think of that I cared less for then I did herrin'. He kept right on smilin', and seemed to enjoy my disgust much as he did the stuff he was eatin'. Pooty soon his friend came back

with what I thought was ruther cheap stuff for a fust-class boardin' house, becuz I never hearn of givin' sweetened water cept to farm hands. It was the only thing I thought I could stummick so fur, though, and when they came to put ice in it, I thought it did look a leetle tasty and took a good sized pull at it, more to keep Sprouts company then for anything else.



UNCLE JOSH AT DELMONICO'S. —

It's shameful to tell it, but it's hist'ry that that sweetened water was bitter'n gall and wuss to take than mandrake, and I had to let it go somewhere. Sprouts's friend got in the way, and it wasn't my fault. The capers he cut up when that red water hit him made Sprouts larf in the most heartless manner you kin imagine, and the rest of 'em seemed to take it that way too.

Then Sprouts told him to bring a lot of entrails and other stuff that I wouldn't have teched any more 'n I would a pison snake. He kept on smilin' and eatin' though, and his friend continued bringin' in the darndest lookin' stuff I ever see, even for a picked-up dinner.

After a while Sprouts's friend says :

"Will you have a small bottle or a large bottle?"

"Oh," says I, "bring on the biggest you've got; if I'm goin' to pay for a boardin' house dinner I want the hull bussness, 'specially as I hain't got a mouthful yet that I could go."

To wind up with he brought on about a thimbleful of coffee, without a bit of milk, and I wasn't surprised to see that it took Sprouts sometime to git away with it.

"Wal," says he, "how'd you enjoy the dinner?"

"Never better," says I, "but if you don't mind, now that you've ben insultin' enough to your friend, I'd like to go out somewhere and git suthin' to eat."

That seemed to tickle him clean through, and he made me give his friend a quarter for the dinner I didn't help eat, which was about the toughest twenty-five cents I ever let go of.

He gave me a receipt for \$1.75, and I was jest goin' to show him his mistake when Sprouts said I could step up to the desk and settle.

"But they don't expect me to pay the hull of that, do they," says I.

"Sartin," says he, "you invited me to dinner, and I s'posed you ware willin' to pay for it."

"Of course I'll pay this, too," says I, "but it's a terrible steep price to ask for sech a confounded mean eatin' as that."

My feelin's ware hurt now, and I detarminded to pay that swindlin' price without a word. So I planked down my \$1.75 with the receipt I had, and was goin' to git out as quick as I could, when Mr. Delmonico said I must have made some mistake.

"That's what I thought," says I, "becuz I paid a man over yender for the dinner, which I don't mind sayin' was sech as I wouldn't put before two farm hands, but for all that," I continues, pickin' up the \$1.75, "you needn't mind the change out of the quarter."

"I'm sorry you didn't like the dinner," says he, "but if you'll pay the \$17.50, we'll \_\_\_\_"

"For the Lord's sake," says I, "what're you talkin' 'bout?"

"Why," says he, "ain't that what your bill calls for?"

My feelin's when I took another look at the bill ain't to be de-scribed. It took all the starch out of me, and I couldn't have fit a

flea, though I felt like knockin' down an army. I was afeared my legs were goin' to give way, and I paid that \$17.50, with the full intention of comin' back later and showin' 'em that they couldn't bamboozle Uncle Josh without sufferin' for it.

This was an experience in York I'd never reckoned on, and when Sprouts said that that was the only time we'd ben round together that I hadn't had all the fun, I concluded to let bygones be bygones, 'specially as he'd had to eat the picked-up dinner, and I got off with only payin' for it. They say a burnt child dreads the fire, but it's a pretty tough thing to have to pay \$17.50 to larn what to steer clear of in York.

THE BIG SUMMER SHOWS AT STATEN ISLAND TOO MUCH FOR UNCLE JOSH'S UNDERSTANDING.

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YORKERS have ben said to be great on work, but I can't see it. So fur as I kin larn they git up somewhere round 10 o'clock and quit work 'bout 3 o'clock. They manage to git a pow'rful lot of money together somehow, though I never see one of 'em workin' yet. 'Pears to me all they do is to hunt for some place to spend what somebody else must earn for 'em somewhere.

To my eye the places ain't wantin' where they kin git red of their money right in the village, but it seems it's necessary for 'em to go off ten or twenty mile afore they'll believe they've seen a show wuth goin' to. So I thought I'd go down to the campmeetin' ground and see what was goin on.

To git there all you've got to do is to go into a big buildin' where they drive horses and carriages and wait a minnit or two, and while you're wonderin' what the shebang is for, off she goes, with a load that would break down the Musquash bridge right off.

It's the York idee that them ferry boats, as they call 'em, ought to hold all the teams in town to once, and I must say they've contrived pooty well for that purpose. Add to this enough people to build up a hull county, all jammed up together, and you've got a fair notion of what I thought of things when I got out to see that land of great shows.

From what they told me on the way down I knowed it was the campmeetin' that was makin' all the excitement, and as I'd seen many a one in my day, I concluded to take a look round afore I went in to hear the prayin', though the rest of the folks scrambled like sin to git a front seat.

The people that live down there struck me as sorter offish at fust, but when they see I wasn't there to tear down fences or break winders, they ware pleasant enough, and showed me the place where Garibaldy used to have a candle factory or suthin' of the

kind. Then they p'inted out the private graveyard of the Vanderbilt family and a rickety old house where they said General Washington used to keep his army in war times. I didn't dispute 'em, though I was aware that you can't go within a hundred mile of York without seein' some place where he'd stopped over night, and it made me wonder that he'd had time enough to tend to the war and take charge of all the movin' he must have done.

To tell the truth all they had to show warn't interestin' enough to make me want to go down there and live, the way I see a good many had already done, not exceptin' the place where Buffalo Bill used to tame his wild Injins, and I wasn't sorry to start for the camp-meetin', though I've kinder got out of the way of them things lately.

As I've said, I've ben to many a meetin' out in the open air afore now, but I never even suspicioned there was anything in creation like that one. It was jest the kind of a gospel gatherin', though, to soot the Yorkers, but I couldn't see that the sperit had begun to work on 'em yet, and thought it was my dooty, bein' an old hand, to start the ball a rollin', so to speak. So up I pops and hollers out :

"I'm with ye, brutherin', soul and body. Hallelujah, Amen ! "

Instead of j'inin' in with me, that almighty big crowd jest roared out in one big larf that must have ben heared clean to York, and I felt sicker 'n a lost sheep in a pastur' of thistles. A lot of the dressed up deacons come over and wanted to pitch me out, and they'd have done it too, if a feller hadn't pulled me down out of sight and told the deacons he'd guarantee I wouldn't start the sperit of things agin.

So there I sot and watched the new fangled way of gittin' religion into Yorkers, and I won't deny it's in some respects an improovement on the old way, though it don't give any one but them that's on the platform a chance to say anything.

It was more like a panerammy then a real campmeetin', but I s'pose that's the only way to reach the hearts of the dwellers in old Sodom. What they'd done was to make believe Babylon was fallin' agin afore the avengin' angels, of which there ware more'n a thousand. Most of 'em were dressed like they'd jest come out of the clouds, too, which I s'pose is necessary to git the Yorkers to go there at all. But the way them angels marched round and cut up generally

struck me as scandalous ; still I'll allow I couldn't help feelin' stirred up a leetle by their doin's, though I tried to keep down all sech every-day feelin'. That can't be expected, though, of an ordinary mortal man, when he sees sights like that, with music and the biggest army of make-believe dancin' angels that ever was got together.

I stood it well enough, however, till they come to batterin' down the walls of Babylon and burnin' up the great city right in front of your eyes. Then I felt as though it was time Uncle Josh was gittin' as far away as possible from the wrath to come, and the way I got out from among them sinners was ruther sudden, I should jedge, for I'd made up my mind that if anything should happen, I wouldn't want it to git round Musquash that I'd gone to my doom in a campmeetin' of that kind.

Sence then I've larned that the Yorkers go down there without any hope of bein' converted, and would larf at the idee of bein' made any better then they air now.

That proved to me that Jerusha's opinion of this great Sodom and Gomorror was 'bout as clus to the truth as kin be got without crowdin', and I've made up my mind that, so far as religion is consarned, you're as well off, if not a leetle better, if you stay on the outside while in York.

## UNCLE JOSH'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE ASTOR LIB'RY

IT was alluz a favoreyte byword with neighbor Eliphilet Booker, who had ben to Philadelphy twice, and was counted the wisest head 'round Musquash, that human natur' takes root in the rockiest sile. That bein' so, it's my belief that there ain't a better place for it to crop out then in York village.

I knowed full well that you can't turn round in York without seein' plenty of human natur' of the kind that it don't pay to harvest too much of, and when I asked to see how it was flourishin' for man's good, I was told to take a look at the lib'ry Mister Aster had give to the poor folks.

No one ever found Uncle Josh lookin' at the teeth of a gift hoss, nevertheless, it's my opinion that it would be better for a man's constitution to lay through a hull plantin' season in a good healthy jail then to be locked up for twenty-four hours inside of them stun walls, without denyin', mind you, that Mister Aster meant well enough. The air in that place is so thick you kin feel it pourin' into your pockets, and I believe if I'd stayed there much longer'n I did I'd have took away a load of fever and ague that would be enough to last a poor family clean up to Thanksgivin'.

They told me Mister Aster's lib'ry was free to everybody, and that you goun't spend a cent there if you tried. I ain't the kind to try for sech things, and as to the gloom round there I'll allow there's plenty of it free to them that want it, but elsewhere where the freedom comes in is more'n I kin undertake to tell.

To begin with, I'd no sooner worked my way up over the stun steps and into the front porch than as fierce lookin' an individooal as I ever expect to meet begun to eye me suspicious like, holdin' out his hands as though he was fairly achin' to git holt of me.

"For thunderation's sake," says I, "what's ailin' you?"

"I want your ambreel," says he.

"Oh, you do," says I; "then s'pose you come and git it, **becuz** I've got kind of a likin' that way myself."

Everybody knows that I ain't a coward, but it's only the trooth to say that when I see he was really comin' for it, fiercer lookin' than ever, I did feel jist a leetle shivery.

"Wal," says I, spunkin' up to him, "what you goin' to do about it?"



UNCLE JOSH'S TUSSLE AT THE ASTOR LIB'RY.

Instid of sayin' anything he grabbed the ambrel so quick that he got it away from me, which made the Hayseed blood bile right up, and afore he could git away with it I made a flyin' leap, and got back my holt on it.

I used to be reckoned a good one in a snug holt rassle, and the way I tussled that old chap round would have made the reg'lar comers to the store at Corncob Corners holler with joy.

When I'd got the ambrel away I felt like givin' him one or two sockdolagers to sorter round the thing up, but jist then a man with whiskers a yard long handed him a gold-headed cane to hold, and a little woman that looked as though she'd slept in a snuff box over

night gave him a horn-handled parisall, and then the hull trooth come to me with a rush. All he wanted was to tend my ambreel till I come out, and I concluded that if it was any satisfaction to him, he was welcome to fondle my ambreel till I got ready to want it.

So I let him take it and look at it to his heart's content, and marched in to where the books air.

"I s'pose," says I to a feller that had his eye on me in a way that drawed me right up to him, "you're one of Mister Aster's sons. That bein' so without a doubt, will you tell me how in thunder it is that, if your dad gave this lib'ry to be free, you've gone to work and fenced off the people from gittin' at the books?"

"Do you want to look at a book?" says he, soft as sarve.

"Oh, no," says I. "I kin look at 'em from here all I want to. What I'm after is to *feel* of one of 'em so's to have it to say to hum I'd actually hefted one of Mister Aster's free books."

At that he went on to tell what I'd got to do to git my hands on one of them books, which was to sign papers and walk on tiptoe and go whisperin' round, like a lot of folks in there that to my mind acted a leetle simple, to say the least.

"That's what I've got to do, is it?" says I.

"That's it," says he.

"And you call this a free institootion, do you?" says I.

"Sartin," says he.

"Then," says I, "if you think the hull Aster family 's big enough to make me go through all that backgammon, you'd better set 'em onto me to once, for I'm goin' to git out of this pooty quick."

With that I walked off to find somebody to show me what there was that was really free round there, and when I did git clus enough to see what kind of stuff the books ware made of, I was fairly disgusted at the meanness of the man that bought 'em. They ware actually older 'n the hills, and ware printed so bad you couldn't make out harf there was in 'em. Nevertheless, they had 'em all packed away in glass cases like early cowcumbers in a hot bed, and one of the Asterses said they ware wuth ten times their heft in gold.

"Look ahere, Mister Aster," says I, not bein' able to hold in, "I ain't nobody's fool in perticlar; so what's the use for you to try to

git me to swaller that whoppin' lie? I know as well as you do that them old things wouldn't fetch three cents a pound with a tin peddler."

"Probably not," says he, gittin' down from his high hoss.

"That bein' the case," says I, "p'raps I kin dicker with you for that old second hand Bible you p'nted out back there. You see, my cousin Jerusha, that writes for the *Musquash Friendly Visitor*, has got a craze for gittin' Bibles, becuz they say the one that gits a hundred different ones ain't goin' to suffer any more in this world. So, if I could git that one for what it's wuth it would make a baker's dozen she'd have in all. What do you say, now?"

"Why," says he, "that Bible was printed afore this country was diskivered by Christopher Columbus. It's off the very fust printin' press."

"That's it," says I; "it's wuss 'n second hand, and won't compare for news with a ten-year-old ominix."

"What do you say it's wuth?" says he.

"As to that," says I, "it's for you to fix the price, and for me to beat you down if I kin, but I won't agree anyway to buy it by weight."

"You don't wan't to buy the buildin' with it, do you?" says he.

"Jokin' aside," says I, "how much do you want for that used-up old Bible?"

"Wal," says he, "if the President of the United States was to come in here and try to buy that book, he couldn't git it for \$10,000, cash down."

I've lost ten pound in a week in the heat of hayin' time, but, when that come out in a way that I knowed he meant, I'll bet I fell away an equil amount in a second, though Lord knows I hain't any fat to spare. It sorter wet all the starch there was in me, and a twelve-year-old boy could have kicked me clean out of the buildin', and I wouldn't have had a word to say.

The old feller poked the ambreel under my arm as I went out, and I bid farewell to York's free lib'ry, never to return so long's I've got the strength to hold out agin it.

If Jerusha ever gits that Bible I kin truthfully say that I've had no hand in the robbery, so help me John Peter.

## SOME OF THE PECULIARITIES OF BROOKLYN.

**F**Y advice to anyone that wants a rest after bein' shook up in York is to go over to Brooklyn Center, where you kin take things easy and git back what flesh you've had scraped off on t'other side of the river. It had alluz ben my idee that there warn't nothin' in that place but meetin' houses, but, after lookin' it over carefully, I've come to the conclusion that they could build a few thousand more without overcrowdin the town with religion.

I'd ben told, too, that there ware more redheaded gals over there than elsewhere, and it was said that when you go there you should keep repeatin':

“ See a redheaded gal  
Then see a white hoss.”

“ See a redheaded gal  
Then see a white hoss.”

“ See a redheaded gal  
Then see a white hoss.”

Where the truth of that po'tery come in, I couldn't make out, but I knowed it had a pow'rful holt on the Yorkers, and I made up my mind to prove to 'em that there warn't no kind of sense to it.

So fur as gittin' the po'tery out of my head after it had once took root there, that was out of the question, and afore I got through I'd have given ten days of my life if I'd never heared of it, for there it stuck and wouldn't be ousted 'till I'd proved the nonsense of it.

I took one of them big mud scows to git there, and 'closed my eyes seemingly 'till we'd got way out in the middle of the river.

“ Now,” thinks I, “ if there's only a redheaded gal aboard, I'll find her, and show 'em how that idee that there must be a white hoss follerin' her is all poppycock.”

I didn't have to look fur, for there was the redheaded gal leanin' agin a post and readin' a book 'bout how love conquers the world.

On her and her book I gazed as though she was an angel in disguise to take my trouble away.

"Don't mind me," says I to her, "but if there's a white hoss within gun shot of you this time, I'll jump overboard, and say here goes nobody."

Instid of thankin' me for my well-meanin' remark, she was the most ongrateful gal I ever run into



THE REDHEADED GAL AND THE WHITE HOSS.

"Oh, Lord," says she, "ain't there no rest for the weary, even in the middle of the river?"

"That's what I'm here for," says I. "It's to prove that that po'tery ain't troo."

"If there's any barm in Gilead," says she, "I'm goin' to use it on my hair, to stop sech fools as you be from brakin' their necks to see the white hoss."

By that time she was in a huff, and turned the cold shoulder to me with a si. Then I got up clus to her to prove to her that that po'tery was all a humbug, when my eyes lit on a sight I wouldn't have believed if a thousand deacons had told it. The white hoss

was there, right on the scow, and not six foot away from where we ware standin'.

If ther'd ben any balloon handy I'd have ben willin' to go right up in it, but, as there wasn't, I sneaked off more sheepish than I ever felt afore, poity well convinced that the evil one had a hand in makin' that po'tery after all.

I determined then and there never to look at a redheaded gal agin, but when we got over I couldn't help now and then seein' one out of the corner of my eye, and I'm ready to take my Bible oath that the white hoss turned up every time afore she got out of sight.

Once I got up in a still kind of a road, where the grass was growin' plentiful and there wasn't ten people to be seen in an hour, when a redheaded gal shook a dust cloth at me out of the winder, and I thought I had the best of it that time. There wasn't a team to be seen, but the white hoss was there, not three rod away. He was dead as a door nail, to be sure, but he showed up powder'n he ever had ben in life, I'll bate.

That made me think it was time to git a little religion, and over I went to where the great preacher holds forth, and is all the fame that town seems to have sence the greater Henry Ward departed.

It was only a prayer meetin' he was holdin', but I was told it would be equil to any reg'lar sermon I ever heared preached. Equil! It beat any circus I ever went to. There he stood like a stack of hoes in a 'tater patch' at dinner time, with arms and hands long enough to make a windmill go buzzin' in dry times, and the people larfin' and clappin' whenever he hit the nail on the head, which I'm bound to say he did offen'r then I'd have believed.

The way the meetin' house was fixed up, too, was for all the world like a circus, and the music was equil to it too. So there I sot, and it may be to my shame, but it's a fact that I settled back and 'joyed myself fully as much as if I'd ben at a minstrel show. He's a power, that Brooklyn preacher is, for the minnit he'd git you to larfin' he'd come down with suthin' you wasn't expectin' at all, and everybody'd make a grab for their handkerchiefs to weep. They'd git jist so fur when out would come a joke that they'd have to larf at if it was a funeral.

For my part, I felt moved mor'n twenty different ways, and finally I had to give up as to what way I ought to feel at a prayer

meetin', and let him carry me right along to Tophet or wherever he darned pleased. I see, too, that the rest of 'em had give up long ago as to the sperit in which they should feel, and let him do the hull bussness for 'em.

After he got through the prayer meetin', I took my turn to shake hands with him, and says :

"Parson, I ain't harf so wickid a man as you think I be."

"Of course you ain't," says he. "Did you ever murder any one ?



UNCLE JOSH GETS A LITTLE RELIGION.

Did you ever let a human bein' go starvin'? Did you ever do any injury to your neighbor or the good name of your neighbor's wife? Did you ever smoke opium?"

"I'll tell you the hull thing," says I, but afore I could git it out a woman rushed in to tell her sins, and I was carried bodily out into the road, without knowin' for sure what had happened.

"If you kin tell me," says I, to one of the congregation that had ben tossed out with me, "whuther I've ben to a prayer meetin' or to a theatre show, I'll be much obleeged."

"Take your choice," says he, "religion is free 'round these parts."

"Wal," says I, still settin' on the side of the road where I'd landed, "it'll take some studyin' up for me to make up my mind 'bout that preachin', but I guess I'd better go 'round a bit, and see if I kin find myself fust."

With that I moped away with a belief that I wasn't so wickid as I thought I was, without feelin' sure about it.

As I've as much as said, Brooklyn Center minded me of Corncob Corners, after bein' in York so long, and it done me good to walk round and see how neighborly the folks ware. Still if I'd never ben on the other side of the river I'd have said that was the biggist village I'd ever dreamed of. You kin walk there for hours without comin' to any woods or clearin's, and without feelin' that you'd made any headway as yet. It done my legs good, though, to git to a place where you didn't have to run to keep up with people, and where the men folks ain't in the majority more 'n two to one.

The Brooklynites air sorter 'shamed of their town, so I'm told, and alluz claim that they're Yorkers when they're away from home, and come to think of it, I don't jest remember that I ever heared any one say he hailed from that big town, though I know well enough there must have ben some on 'em up our way.

To my way of thinkin' a real up and down Brooklynite is 'bout as scurse an article as a Yorker that's bashful in tellin' you where he come from.

THE LITTLE GERMAN BANDS CATCH THE EYE AND EAR OF  
UNCLE JOSH.

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**E**VERY one of us to hum is musical on suthin'. There's my cousin Jerusha, now. She's got the sweetest soundin' melodeon that was ever put together, and she kin play it too. She's a master-hand when she wants people to see how she kin bring what she calls the soul of music right down to earth. When she's worked 'em up 'bout right, she's got a way of liftin' 'em off their feet with that great song, "Beyoutiful I'le of the Sea, Oh, How I Long to be There," by sorter dwellin' on the "Sea-a-a," and, when she comes down to "there-re-re-re," by makin' that melodeon mourn right out for all the world as if it was a human completely overcome with dissapp'nted love.

What I play, however, is mostly base and counter on brass instruments, though I kin carry the air on a four-string fiddle. As I've said the sperit of music is born in us folks, and for that reason I'll have to say a good word for the Yorkers on one p'int, which is that they air probably the most tuneful people in the world.

Sit outdoors in the mornin' or indoors for that matter, and the fust thing you hear is a hull cornet band serenadin' some new married couple; though to my mind that ain't jest the kerrect time for doin' it. Whichever way you're bound, however, you're sure to come across them bands, and sometimes you'll see three or four of 'em within a stun's throw of each other. In which case you're likely to hear some of the loudest music that kin be got out of brass instruments.

My nevvy Sprouts, now, comes in on dad's side of the family tree, and has got about as much music in him as a hemlock stump. It was one of the pests of my trip to York, the way he used to haul me all round Robin Hood's barn whenever he see there was goin' to be a serenade somewhere ahead. And when we did git up to one of 'em, he couldn't stand it more 'n two minnits, though I'd be

drinkin' in their sweet strains like a troo music lover, and, with him pullin' and jerkin' me away, by the time we 'd git out of sight and hearin' of the band, we ware likely to be pooty nigh dead enemies.



COUSIN JERUSHA BRINGS THE SOUL OF MUSIC DOWN TO AIRTH.

“ For the Lord's sake, Uncle Josh,” he says once, “ why don't you j'ine one of them bands and git enough of it ? ”

“ The trouble is,” says I, “ I don't know the tunes.”

“ Why,” says he, “ that's all the better. All you've got to do is to play loud enough and let the tunes take care of themselves.”

“ That shows your ignorance 'bout music,” says I. “ Howsom-

ever, I'm goin' to try my hand on a base horn afore I go hum anyhow."

The idee so worked on me, that I finally went up to a feller that looked as though he might bust any minnit, and gave him a quarter to let me show him how to play.

The band didn't seem to like it at fust, but when the people begun poppin' their heads out of the winders they took to me quick enough, and started in on the fastest dance tune there is.

That sooted me to a T, and I made that old horn speak in a way she never belched afore, I know. It was mighty ticklin' music, and I could see that it made some of the folks feel so good they had to larf, for want of a chance to dance. So we played the tune over and over agin, till I got so winded I had to quit or flop.

When there's a serenadin' party in Musquash they're sure to git an invite to come in and have some doughnuts and fresh ground coffee, but in York it's different. One of the serenaders takes up a collection, and they have the feed afterwards. When the fat feller whose place I'd took come back from collectin', that band was mightily pleased, and it made me feel a leetle stuck up at the way they patted me on the back, and said I was the greatest player in York village. The way the people shelled out for the supper proved it.

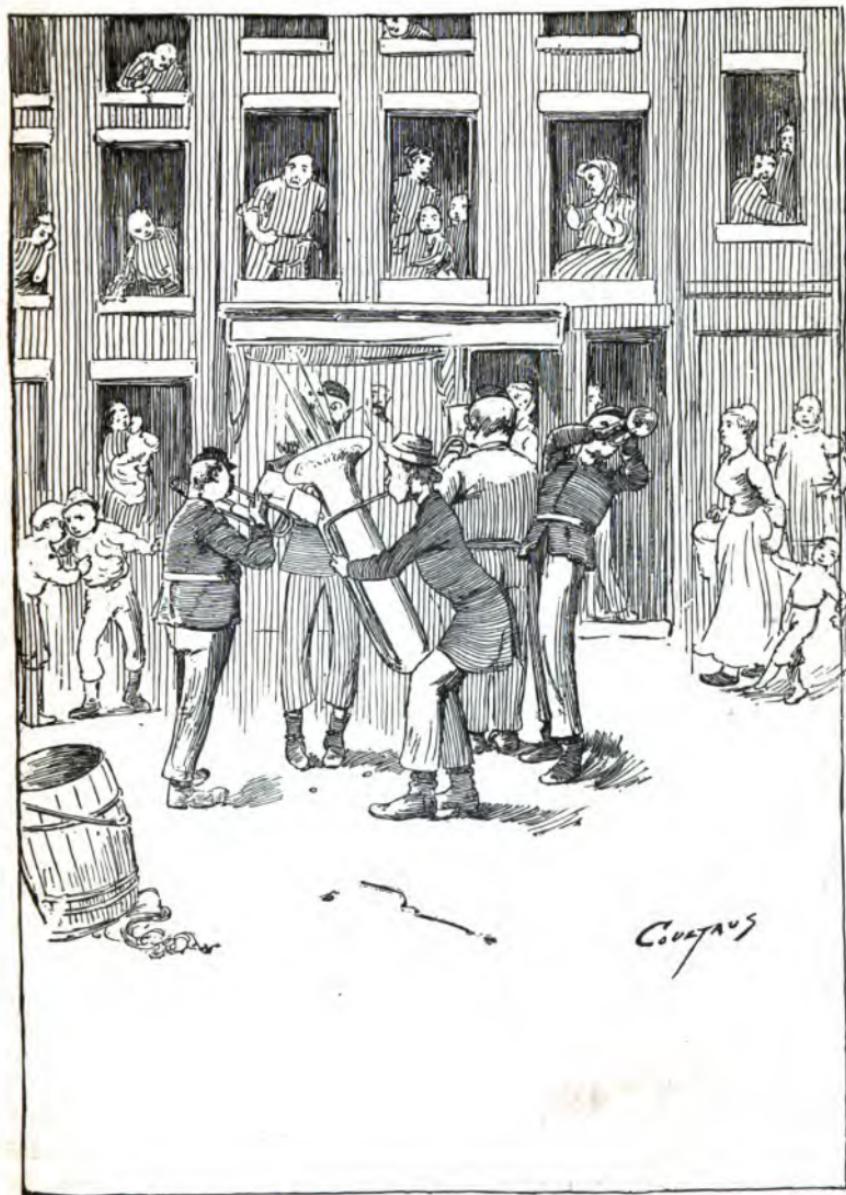
"I ain't askin' to be the leader," says I, "but I'll show you what I kin do if you'll strike up suthin' that's got tears in it. Jest try me, for instance, on 'The Last Rose of Summer.'"

I let out then, and it was so affectin' it made some of them York wimmin, that don't like to have their feelin's stirred up, hold their hands over their ears, and look at me with a beseechin' look, for fear they'd have to give in and be brought to tears.

I rolled out the strains pow'rful sweet and affectin', nevertheless, and I'd a had 'em all weepin' in a minnit or two more if it hadn't ben for one of the men folks, who opened his winder and p'intered a shotgun straight at the band.

That ended the tune short off, and it was as much as I could do to keep up with the rest of 'em, they skedaddled off so plaguey fast.

I was for quittin' 'em then, but they clung on so hard, tellin' me that I could make my fortune as a player, that when they offered me a dollar an hour, I agreed to keep on, barrin' the tearful music.



UNCLE JOSH JOINS A GERMAN BAND.

We played all 'round the village, and it ain't braggin' too much to say that we beat the other serenaders all holler. The fat feller would come back every time with his cap harf full of money, and hurry us off to git more.



"THANK THE LORD, YOUR UNCLE JOSH IS STILL AMONG THE LIVIN'."

What I've told is only part of it, but the rest ain't to be hid under a bushel, becuz it shows how the onexpected is likely to happen most any time in York, when you ain't lookin' for it.

We'd got follerin' us a good sized crowd of them dreadful little cusses the Yorkers call gamings, or suthin' of the sort, but which I

call devils, becuz you can't git at one of 'em any more 'n you kin at a flea. I'd ruther take a small dose of pizen then to have them gamings playin' innercent round me. When they're a mind to, they kin look as though they ware the most harmless leetle critters on the footstool, and that's why it was that I didn't larn till sometime afterwards that what they'd finally done was to put an almighty big East Injy firecracker down the nozzle of my base horn.

I didn't see it go in, but, when it went off, it must have took me along with it, for I follered that brass horn 'bout a rod in the air afore I let her go through the winder she was bound for. When I did come down I stood a minnit like the nigger parson's balky mule with a brier under his tail, and then off I went, minus the brier, but at a gate that mule never could have equilled.

"Thank the Lórd," says I to Sprouts when I got to the house, "your Uncle Josh is still among the livin'."

"What kin have happened to you now?" says he, more 'n harf ready to larf, without bein' told.

"Nothin' much," says I, careless like, "only I j'ined that seradin' band as you told me to, and I guess I'm the only livin' man there is left sence we played over that blast."

"Give me your hand, Uncle Josh," says he. "If you've brought destruction to one of them bands, you're a bigger hero then I ever believed you ware, and your trip to York is the best thing that's happened to us poor sufferers in many a day."

"Sprouts," says I, "you're a nevvy of mine, which, more 's the pity, I can't help; but I'm ashamed of ye, I *am* ashamed of ye."

I'll admit, though, that, away down deep, I felt as though I'd had enough of them seradin' bands to last me till I started back for hum.

UNCLE JOSH MEETS THE AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW" AND OTHER  
IMPORTANT PERSONS IN AN OLD TIME RESORT.

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"**F**OW'D you like to be interdooced to the author of 'Beyoutiful Snow?'" says Sprouts one day.

"That would be the greatest honor yet," says I; "but I'm afeared I ain't got time enough left to see 'em all."

"All what?" says he.

"Why, all them three of four hundred po'tery writers," says I, "that Jerusha says it took to git up that immortal pome."

At that Sprouts flared up, and says :

"Don't you be a fool like the rest, Uncle Josh, becuz I and every other newspaper feller kin tell you that that pome was writ by Old Whetstun alone. He kin be seen in flesh and blood in the old place down here where a lot of liter'y fellers hang out off and on."

I'd alluz felt sure as the measles that no one man could have writ Jerusha's favoreytle pome all alone, but I didn't want to git Sprouts's dander up any more, so I says :

"What sort of a place is it where that great man kin be found?"

"For that matter," says he, "it ain't much on show, but it's comfortable and soothin' to the nerves after you git inside, and has ben known beyond the memory of most folks now livin' as The Old Squashvine."

"That's jest like one of them potes," says I, "to mope 'round among squashvines." But when we come to it, I see it was another case of York names, for I wanted to bet there wan't a bearin' squashvine within a mile, and nobody would take me up.

There ware a lot of old fellers sittin' round, though, drinkin' out of lead mugs, and crackin' jokes 'bout things that had happened, as far as I could jedge, when York warn't much bigger 'n Corncob Corners is now.

After a while they all jumped up and begun throwin' copper cents up agin' the ceilin' like mad. Then they got to warrin'

words, and measurin' off on the floor with a piece of broom corn. At fust I was afeared there was goin' to be a row, but then I see what they ware up to, and it surprised me the way them old fellers capered round and got down on the floor, rumatiz or no rumatiz, to see how fur their copper cents had landed from where the boards come together. It made me feel real frisky watchin' 'em, and I says to 'em :

“Jest let me take a hand in that there game, will ye ?”

“More the merrier,” says they.

So out come my wallet, and up agin the ceilin' went my copper cent harder 'n any one had hit yet. I thought I had 'em sure, but when it come down it bounced off, and I had to chase it to keep it from runnin' out under the door.

That seemed to do them old fellers more good than an alkyhol sweat, and I thought they'd give up afore they got through larfin'. They said it was my treat right off, without any more measurin', and on come the lead mugs agin, which I'm bound to say ain't so bad to drink out of as I s'posed.

“What in thunder do you call that game ?” says I.

“Why,” says one of 'em, “that's old Crack Loo, that General Washington used to play with General Lafayette right on this very spot.”

“That bein' the case,” says I, “I guess I'd better quit you, becuz you've had too darn long a time to practice for me to play with you.”

They treated on the head of that, and then Sprouts said the pote was ready to have me interdooced.

“I s'pose,” says I, “you feel sorter to hum here, Mister Whetstun.”

“That ain't exactly my name,” says he ; “but it's good enough, sence it's suthin' that needs lubercation.”

Sprouts nudged me, and I took the hint to once, and told 'em to fetch me on the lead mugs agin.

“I'll take mine in one of them little glass tumblers,” says he ; “only don't be afeared of spillin' it over.”

“Mr. Whetstun,” says I, “it's ben told to me that you writ that great pome all alone. I'm cousin to Jerusha, that writes for the *Musquash Friendly Visitor*, and I'd like to know, now—be you really the author of it ?”

"No," says he, wipin' a tear from his eye, "I'm the only liter'y cuss in this country or Canada that didn't write it."

"Don't weep," says I, "becuz you've got somebody right here that never had a hand in it, nuther, and I ain't mournin'."

"Fact is," says he, "I used to believe, when it fust came out, that I had writ it, but I'm old enough now to know better."

"P'raps," says I, "you've done suthin' else pooty nigh as good."

"A good deal better," says he, "but I'll admit that was the most pop'lar pome I ever writ."

"For goodness sake, Mister Whetstun," says I, "warn't you jest mournin' this very minnit becuz you hadn't writ it?"

"Was I lookin' mournful?" says he.

"Sartin you ware," says I.

"Then," says he, "I must have ben thinkin' 'bout how small they make the tumblers nowadays to what they used to."

Jest then a lot of young potes and editurs pulled their cheers up, and Sprouts said he'd have to go for a spell, but that I'd better set there and see how interestin' liter'y fellers could be when they got together.

"Wal," I says to myself, "Uncle Josh, you want to take this all in, so jest you keep quiet and let them fellers take turns, so you kin hear suthin' wuth rememberin'."

At the start off they did sorter take turns, each one tellin' what a great feller the other one was, and how he'd done some things that probably never would be equilled in this world. While one feller was talkin', t'other, that he was talkin' 'bout, would look solum as a funeral. Then he'd 'pear to git mad and say it was all bosh; but, Lord! I could see he was eanamost tickled to death. Sech a love feast as that was I'd never ben to, so I kept mum all the time.

Bimeby the potes and editurs begun to tell me what they'd done theirselves, and then I commenced to feel sorter oneasy. One of 'em would go to work to prove that he was the most no-account critter that ever breathed, and then he'd slide into sayin' how he'd made three or four fortunes for other folks, and when we'd have to take a drink he'd kinder bind us over with suthin' startlin', like "Now I'll tell you how I killed him," and I couldn't have got a word in if I'd wanted to.

They ware the most ingenious fellers for holdin' you down to

listenin', without seemin' to be imperlite, that I ever come across, and after a while I'd have given a dollar if I could have got away without hurtin' their feelin's.

What seemed to me the best thing to do was to back out, gradual like, till I'd got far enough away not to have to listen. But the more I backed the cluser they come.

Finally I see suthin' had got to be did, or my hearin' would be gone forever, so up I riz from the cheer, but I warn't on my feet any quicker'n they ware. I ain't ashamed to admit that I was gittin' skeered now, becuz I hadn't heared my own voice sence they'd sot down with me and Mr. Whetstun. My off eye cal'lated the distance betwixt me and the door, and I reckoned I could git there fust.

Not to go too fur into perticulars I'll only say that I went through that door like a streak, without stoppin' to see whether they ware follerin' or not. I knowed that was Sprouts's favoreyte hangin' out place, so, when he asked me how I'd enjoyed myself, I had to tell part truth and let the rest down easy by answerin' this way :

"As fur as the place is consarned, it's the most homelike I've ben in yet; as for the old fellers, they ware right after my own heart; then as to that great pome, I ain't made up my mind yet what to think; but as to the young potes and editurs—wal, I ain't complainin' now that I've got back my speech."

"Uncle Josh," says he, "you ain't got no more appriication of genius then a settin' hen."

"P'raps not," says I, "but if you ever git me cornered agin that way, it'll be when I ain't got any say as to where I shall be buried. You hear me on that p'int."

A LOOK AT THE TIGER, IN WHICH IT WAS NOT UNCLE JOSH THAT GOT SCRATCHED.

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**A**S I'd ben in York quite a spell, Sprouts said he thought I must be edicated enough to look on the tiger when he's fierce without wantin' to rassle with him.

"You needn't be afeared 'bout my tacklin' any wild beasts," says I.

"I was only warnin' you," says he, "not to git to playin' Pharo's game, or Roleit, or Hashad, when we git there, becuz if you should, you'd be sure to want to own the Post Office and the Town Hall afore you'd let go the tiger's tail.

"What you're tryin' to git through you," says I, "is a mystery to me."

"Wal, then," says he, "all you've got to do is to keep mum to begin with. Then you want to put your hand under your coat-tail and walk round with a seegar p'inted towards your nose and a knowin' look on, like as though you could tell a heap if you ware a mind too. But don't, for the Lord's sake, begin to buck up agin, the tiger."

"Pears to me," says I, "you're ruther familiar with the animil."

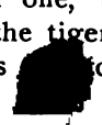
"Then take my advice," says he, "and let him alone."

When we got to the cage door where the beast is kept, Sprouts stuck his thumb agin a white spot in the wall, and to my surprise-ment a nigger feller's nose was poked through the gratin' to once.

"Look out, nevvy," says I, "he'll git at you."

"Be quiet, will you," says Sprouts, "ain't I told you time and agin that the tiger won't hurt you if you don't fool with him?"

It took some spunk, though, to walk through that cage door. I done it, however, and through another one, too, at the top of the stairs, and there we ware right in the tiger's den.

The place was chock full of well-dressed fellers  tobacker

smoke, which was so thick they had to keep every light goin' so you could see through it.

Then I remembered what Sprouts had said, and up I walked with one hand under my coat-tail, my mouth puckered up with a seegar and a mighty knowin' look on my face.

It took the very fust thing, and made sech an impression on a feller that was playin' marbles in a five-gallon milk pan that he praised me up right afore the hull of 'em by singin' out:

"Eagle Bird!"

"Double O!"



UNCLE JOSH VISITS THE TIGER'S CAGE.

"Pays you thirty-five for one!"

"Look ahere," says I, "you kin call me 'Eagle Bird' and 'Double O,' without stretchin' my qualifications too much, but when you come to tell 'em that I pay any sech outrageous debts as that, you're pilin' it on too thick."

"Try your luck at Roleit," says he.

"Role it yourself," says I, "if it amuses you. For my part, I got through bein' a boy some years ago."

With that I went over to what I was told was a sweatin' board, though I was feelin' a little moist myself, and watched them fellers

settin' there takin' a sweat with their clothes on. What done it I couldn't make out, unless it was the one that was droppin' leetle square chunks down through a wooden hour glass.

"I s'pose," says I to a chap that was wipin' the sweat off his face, "it's like one of them buzzin' machines with handles on it that you can't let go of."

"The kind," says he, "that if you hold on to long enough is bound to bust you?"

"That's it," says I.

"Then," says he, "you're the fust man that ever guessed this merchine right at the start."

From the way they larfed I see I'd made a hit somehow, and not to spile it, off I moped to where I spied a slick-lookin' man with an old straw hat on, without any top to it, that I wouldn't wear 'bout the barn even. There was a crowd of men round him that ware pullin' their moustaches and fumblin' their chins as though they ware afear'd their faces would git away from 'em. The one with the old straw hat looked as cool and comfortable as a cowcumber in the shade of a cabbage leaf, and was playin' a new game of solitaire, with a pooty box to hold the cards. He didn't seem to be much taken up with his lonely game, but the others ware all dreadful excited as to whether he'd git it or not and kept handin' him over what I took to be peppermint lozenges to encourage him on.

It was too slow for my likin', and I was jest thinkin' of lookin' up Sprouts, when a feller punched me in the stummick with his elbow, and says through his teeth:

"Take your foot off from my cheer, you darned fool, you're spilin' my luck."

I was goin' to give him as good as he'd sent, when, lo and behold, I see it was Sprouts.

"Never do that to a man that's gamblin' with Pharo's game," says one of the onlookers to me.

When I heard that word "gamblin'" the hull truth come to me to once. Sprouts was doin' the very selfsame thing he'd ben warnin' me agin so much. That made me do some tall thinkin', and I concluded it was my dooty to rescue that nevvy of mine from the evil that had befel bim, for I could see he had the gamblin' sperit on.

Then I beseeched and besought him in my best prayer-meetin'

style to quit the evil of his ways while there was yet time. That made him turn on me agin, fiercer 'n ever, and he sorter hissed out:

"Uncle Josh, if you don't go off to a corner somewhere, and let me alone till I git back what I've lost, I'll have you pitched out bodily."

"Ongrateful youth," says I, "have your own way. Give the gamblin' demon your hard-earned ten dollars, and repent at luzure."

If a bumshell had ben dropped down, it couldn't have had a more sudden effect then them words. Not one of the solum faces round that awful board but split wide open with a heathen larf that I never want to hear agin. That is, all 'cept Sprouts, who looked sick enough to need a dose of castor ile.

That made my dander rise up, and I'd probably have cleaned out the hull place if a perlite nigger feller hadn't come up and asked me what I'd have on the head of it.

"Not a darned ~~thing~~," says I, "that I've got to pay for."

"You can't pay ~~any~~thing in this house," says he, "'cept for chips."

"There ain't anything nurishin' in chips that I know on," says I, "though the Tiger may git fat on 'em; but if you've got anything to eat and drink free bring it on." In less time than it takes to tell it, I was munchin' away at the alfiredest best feed I ever struck. It was all free, and I wished I had two stummicks like they say some dum animils have.

After I'd et all I could Sprouts come round lookin' blooer 'n an indigo bag.

"You don't happen to have a five-dollar note you could lend me for a minnit, do you?" says he.

"Of course I have," says I, "but I ain't goin' to take out my wallet in here where the Tiger is," says I.

"We'll go out and come back agin, then," says he.

Butter wouldn't melt in my mouth till we got out doors, but once on the other side of that cage door, I grabbed my nevvy by the nap of the neck and the slack of the britches, and he'll allow to this day he never travelled lighter for a harf a mile or so in his life.

"Now," says I, "the next time you take your Uncle Josh round to see any wild-cat animils of that kind, you want to look out that they don't git their claws on you instid."

UNCLE JOSH SEES THE ELEPHANT AT LAST AND RIDES HOME  
TRIUMPHANT.



UNCLE JOSH IN SEARCH OF SPROUTS.

"That's cause sufficient," says I. "Jest imagine my goin' back to Musquash, and puttin' on airs 'bout how I'd turned York Village topsy turvy. What do you s'pose would be the fust question they'd put to me? Oh, you don't know and don't care, don't you. Wal, I know, and I care, too. There ain't one of them folks round Corn-cob Corners that wouldn't say to me to once: 'Did you see the Elephant?' How'd I feel then?"

IT takes more 'n harf a mince pie to affect my sleep, but the last night 'cept one that I was to stay in York my conscience got to workin' without my knowin', and up I riz and run in to where Sprouts was sleepin', for fear I shou'd forgit it when mornin' comes.

"Good land," says he, scared enough, "what's the matter? House afire, or have you got the cramps in the stummick?"

"Wuss 'n that," says I, "Here I'm goin' back hum day after to-morrer, and ain't seen the Elephant yet."

"Is that what you're makin' all this fuss 'bout in the middle of the night?" says he, mad enough to hit me with a boot-jack.

"Jest let me alone at this midnight hour," says he, "and you shall see him to-morrer sure."

"Nuff said," says I, and off I poked to bed agin, but not without tyin' a piece of yarn round my big toe as a rememberancer.

Sprouts kept his word, and put me aboard a steamship he said was all i'on. That I found out to be one of his fable stories, not only becuz it would have to sink if it was all i'on, but becuz I come near gittin' thrown overboard for hackin' up the wood of it with my toadstabber to prove how big a lie it was.

"Keep your eye open, Uncle Josh," says Sprouts, "and see if you can see any signs of him."

We ware pooty nigh out to the middle of the ocean when he said that, I should jedge, but I kept watchin' round, thinkin' p'raps he might be a swimmin' elephant. Not seein' any signs of him, however, I turned my eye in shore for a change, and I nigh fell off the steamship at the sight I saw. It took me sometime to git my wind together, and then I had to let out or bust.

"There he is, by gosh!" I hollers to the rest of 'em, and p'intin' him out, "standin' right over there on the land, nat'ral as life, and bigger 'n fourteen barns all put together."

At that the gals set up a gigglin', and I turned round and says to 'em in a rebukin' way :

"It may be all very well to larf now you're three or four mile away from that critter, but it wouldn't be a very comical matter for some folks if he should be teched up behind and should bring his foot down on the houses round there."

That got 'em off wuss 'n ever, and I found out when we come up to him that there was some cause for it, as he was really dead, and, like most other things round York, holler from top to toe. But sech a whopper as he is I don't believe was ever seen afore, even in Bible times.

Afore Sprouts would let me go up to him, however, he said I'd better go round the place and see what I thought of Coney's Island, which he said was where the elephant finally settled after the May'r of the village had druv him out time and agin.

"Do you mean to say," says I, "that there's any one man, or any army of men, for that matter, big enough to drive that critter round?"

## JOSH HAYSEED IN NEW YORK.



UNCLE JOSH DISCOVERS THE ELEPHANT.

"That was some time ago," says he, "but to tell the truth, there's plenty of little elephants in the village still, and I suspect some of 'em may git to be full sized yet."

"Oh, you go along," says I, "with your riddlesome talk, and show me what sort of a place Mr. Coney's got here."

We hadn't gone ten rod on the bridge where we landed afore I see one of the most surprisin' sights of my life. Happenin' to look over a leetle I caught sight of more 'n three hundred men and boys in swimmin' with their clothes on.



UNCLE JOSH AND THE BATHERS.

"Wal," I says to Sprouts, "that *is* a *cussus* sight. Ain't them boys lively?"

"Them ain't boys," says he.

"They ain't?" says I, "then will you be kind enough to inform your Uncle Josh what they might be, becuz I'm darned sure they ain't monkeys, otherwise they'd be more hairy round the shins."

"Why," says he, "them's gals and wimmin."

The minnit that come out I had my coat and hat off, and had got the nigh boot off, too, though it pulls dreadful hard ginerally.

"For heaven's sake," says Sprouts, hoppin' around like parch corn in a popper, "put on your clothes, or you'll be arrested."

"Can't help it," says I, "I've got to git into that water somehow, if I'm hung for it."

He conquered, and in about fifteen minnits had me rigged up in one of them home-made meal-bag soots without any pockets, and off I scoots for that blessed huntin' ground. The water wa' plaguey cold, but sech a thing as that don't trouble a man when he gits the chance of a lifetime, and in I went, helter-skelter, slan' bang.

It skeered the gals somewhat at fust, but when they see how good lookin' I was you couldn't keep 'em away from me. The water was the meanest tastin' stuff that ever I swallered a quart of, but as for the frolic, it beat anything in the shape of a free-lovin' picnic I've hearn of yet. The only drawback was that I was under that high-seasoned water so much of the time I couldn't enjoy the larfin' harf so much as the gals, who ware on top most of the time.

It was pooty hard sometimes to tell the difference betwixt a gal and a feller without a mustache, but they didn't fool Uncle Jos much that way, for I took good care to tickle 'em afore I'd agree to have fun.

I shrunk up awful while I was in there, but when I'd hove up all the water I'd swallered, and Sprouts had fixed me up with a good nipper or two, I felt as prime as June butter, and if I live till I'm gray-headed, or bald-headed either, I'll never forgit what a time me and them gals had in swimmin'.

Now I've got harvestin' to do this comin' fall, and durin' the winter I cal'late to lay off somewhat and fat up a leetle to offset me trip to York; so I ain't goin' into particulars 'bout Coney's Island.

I did I couldn't do it jestice in six months' thinkin'.

ben led to believe that York Village was the headin' thing that's of any account in this country. But, for all the fun, and music, and spendin' money, and seein' sights by the day, at Coney's Island, it ain't a handful of oats in a forty acre field of muck and loam.

You're goin' to eat down there you want from a sashengen dinner that would make you morgue and music, you can't git away from 'em, and that bigger 'n a hull Baptist congregation. With the steam kyars on the water, you'll go down like lighnin', with a

of pooty gals, and when you land you're right up on top agin; or you kin git in a dumb waiter and be hauld up so high that if you should throw a green apple off it would be dead ripe when it hit the ground.

As to grab-bags, and whirligigs, and maypoles, and ring toss, and tech-wal, that must be where they all come from fust off. I'm



UNCLE JOSH IN A BATHING SUIT.

inclined to the opinion that the Elephant got there not becuz he was druv round, but becuz that's his nat'r'l hum.

He's what ketches your eye fust and last down there. I traveled up through his nigh hind leg and down his off one, and I'll say that in gittin' red of his innards they've made as clean a job as could be wished. His hull insides are boarded up as tight as a whistle, and right in his belly they've got a big dancin' hall that you wouldn't believe any animil was squeable enough to have.

When I come to look him all over from the outside, I couldn't help thinkin' what a pow'rful beef-riter he was. Just to think, a

slice of rump off from his quarters, if hung up in the woodshed out of reach of the cats, would be enough to keep a fair-sized family in good eatin' all winter.

"This sight," says I to Sprouts with considerable awe, "is a findin' to my eventful trip to York Village."

"Hold on," says he, "you musn't go hum till you've got suthin' to show that you've rid on the Elephant, to which end you'll have to have your pictur taken."

"Good land," says I, "they couldn't see me atop of that critter."

"Troo enough," says he, "but they've got a little elephant inside that you can git astraddle of and have a pictur that's perfect t life."

"That's all very well," says I, "but I wouldn't want even a little elephant to bite me jest as I'm gittin' ready to go hum."

"He can't bite you," says he, larfin' as usual.

"Nor kick, nuther?" says I.

"No, nor kick," says he.

"Wal' then," says I, "I guess I'll try it, becuz I do want suthin' of the kind to show for what I've ben through."

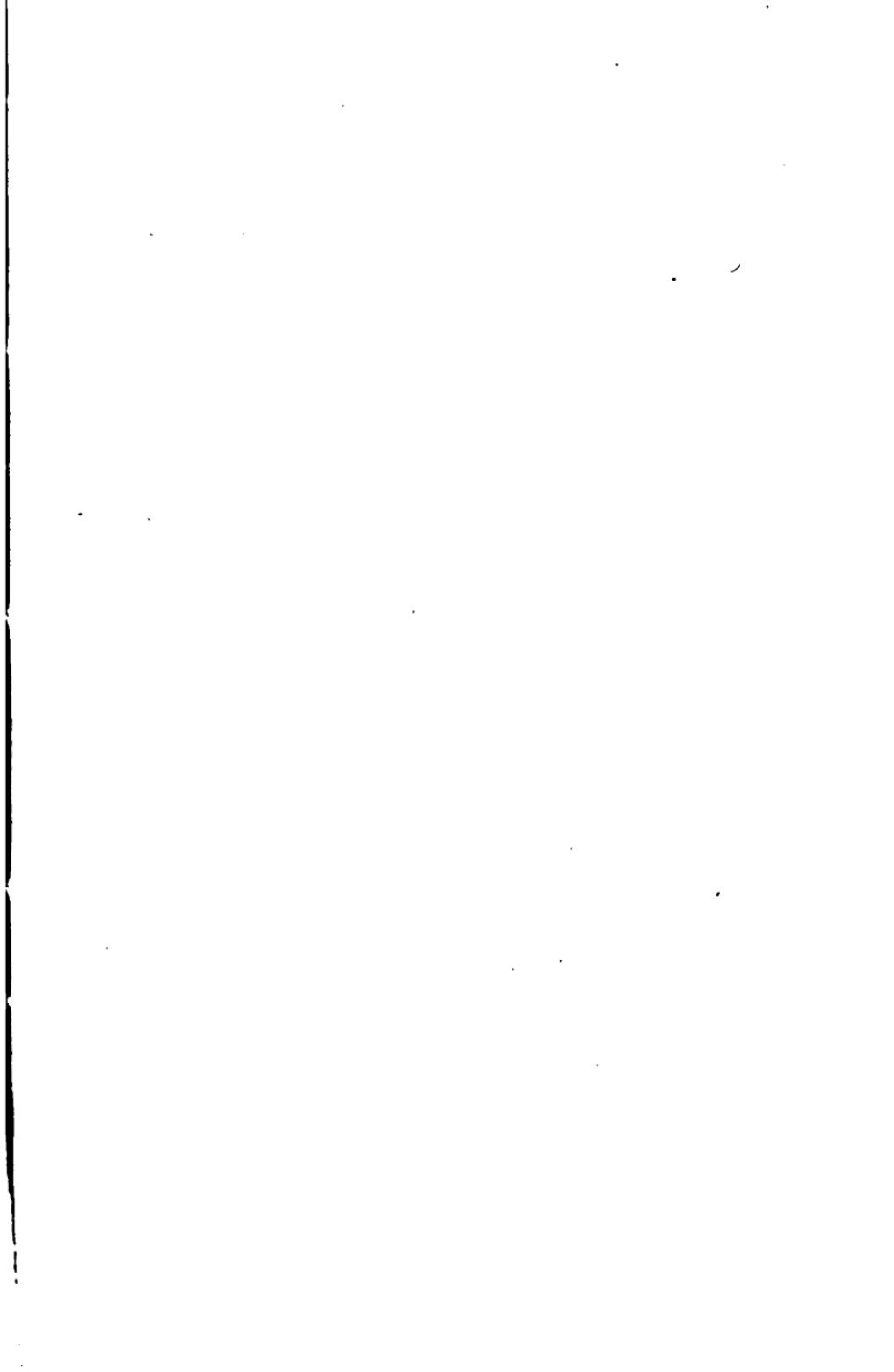
With that in we went, and when at last I got atop of that elephant which I'd heared so much about, I felt as proud as Lucifer ridin' the sun.

"How's this," says I, "for a pictur to show the folks to hum?"

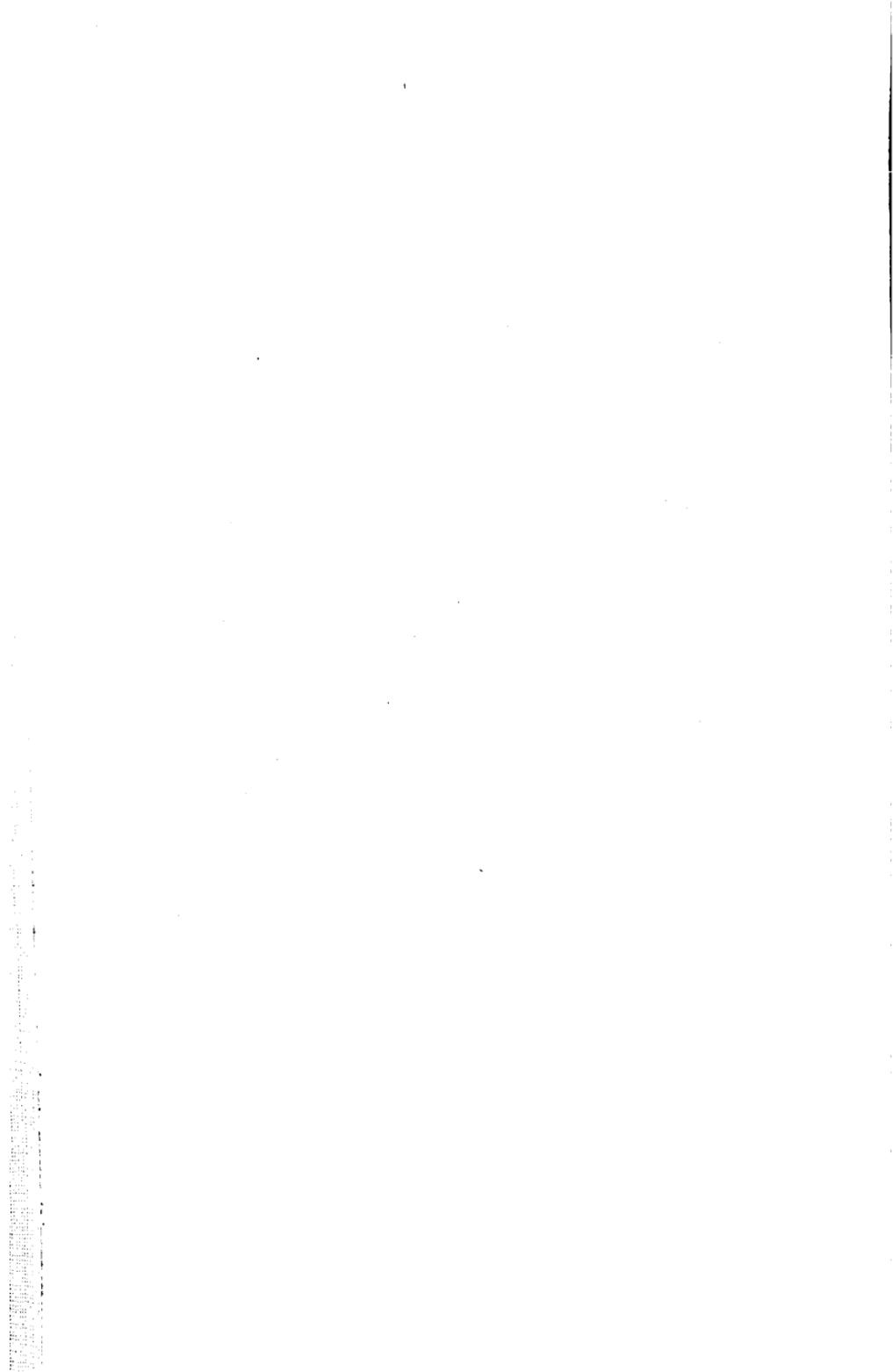
"Ger lang, Jerusha!"



Cur.









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